

IN THE FAIRYLAND OF AMERICA



By

HERBERT QUICK



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In the fairyland of America



IN THE FAIRYLAND OF AMERICA

A Tale of the Pukwudjies

BY
HERBERT QUICK

WITH FORTY-THREE ILLUSTRATIONS

BY
E. W. DEMING



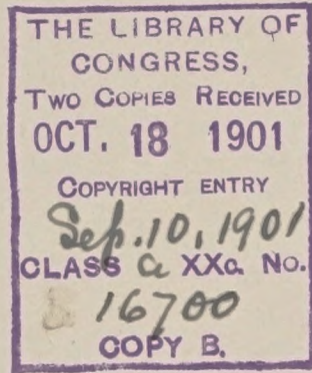
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DEDICATION.

The best stories we children ever know are those, never printed, which some low, familiar voice speaks into our ears at that twilight hour when sleep treads softly upon the heels of weariness, and the tale swims vaguely off into the dreams which supplant it. To her who, in such wise, first led my steps into the land of faery and fable—to my mother—I affectionately dedicate this little book.

H. Q.

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Met-a-kon-a-gon-tu-la-kang-tug-koosh

IN THE FAIRYLAND OF AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

MET-A-KON-A-GON-TU-LA-KANG-TUG-KOOSH.

EDGAR'S mamma was in the habit of reading to him every evening about Hiawatha, old Nokomis, the beautiful Minnehaha, and their life in the forest long ago, when birds and beasts and fishes talked with one another and with good little Indian boys, who went hunting with bows and arrows. She would tuck him into his little bed and read these things to him until he fell asleep. Then he slept soundly until morning.

Now, the first thing he saw when he awoke one morning was a door opening out of his bedroom, just where the window had always been, and a queer little figure standing in the doorway. It seemed to be a little man, but was only two or three feet high ; and at first Edgar thought it was Harold, a little boy who lived across the way. But Harold was much taller, and his face was white, while the face of this little man was copper-colored. He had fringed buckskin

leggings, deerskin moccasins, and some kind of garment hanging down his back from his head to his heels, with a comb of bright-colored feathers running down the middle of it. His clothes were covered with beadwork. He carried a tomahawk in his belt, and had a tiny bow and a quiver full of little arrows on his back. "No," said Edgar to himself, "it certainly can't be Harold. If I were looking at it the wrong way through my telescope, I should think it an Indian chief. But my telescope is in its case, and mamma says the Indian chiefs left this country years and years ago. Maybe it is a fossil Indian. I'll ask it."

He slipped out of bed and stepped toward the little stranger.

"Good morning," he said, politely.

"Ugh!" said the visitor, without looking at him.

"That's its word for 'good morning,'" thought Edgar, and said aloud: "Will you please tell me, are you a fossil Indian?"

"What's a fossil Indian?" he asked, sharply.

"I don't quite know, but——" began Edgar.

"Then what good would it do if I should tell you?" the stranger demanded. "Don't ask foolish questions. What's your name?"

"Edgar. I've got two more, though. They are——"

"Never mind about the others," said the little fellow; "one name is quite enough. Your name is Edgar. Mine

is Met-a-kon-a-gon-tu-la-kang-tug-koosh. Please address me by that name in future, Master Edgar, as I shall take care to do by you. The great chief of the Pukwudjies has spoken."

"How do you spell it?" asked Edgar.

"Spell what?" asked the chief, with so much sharpness that Edgar did not care to push the inquiry further. Finally, "I don't think I can remember it," said Edgar.

"Very well," said the chief, "as a special mark of favor I will allow you to call me 'Drifting Goose.' Met-a-kon-a-gon-tu-la-kang-tug-koosh means Drifting Goose."

"In your language?"

"No," said the chief, "it means Drifting Goose in English; in the speech of the Pukwudjies it means Met-a-kon-a-gon-tu-la-kang-tug-koosh."

"I shall call you Drifting Goose. The other is a little too hard for me. It reminds me of 'valetudinarianism' and 'honorificabilitudininitatibus,' only——"

"Ugh!" interrupted Drifting Goose, and seemed to be trying hard to understand something. After a long pause, during which he filled the head of his tomahawk with tobacco, he went on gravely: "The paleface has spoken well. Let us change the subject." He was silent all the time Edgar was dressing. Then he took from his pouch a tiny flint and began trying to light his pipe by striking fire into it from the flint.

"It will never do to let him smoke in here," said Edgar; "it would scent the curtains with tobacco, and mamma doesn't like that." So he politely inquired, "Wouldn't you like to walk in the garden or sit on the porch, Drifting Goose? The air is so much fresher outside, you know."

"Outside of what?" said Drifting Goose.

"Outside of the house."

"Outside of what house?"

"Why, this,——" began Edgar, when suddenly he noticed that they were in a forest, and that nothing was to be seen of any house, look where he might. There were great trees here and there, and grass and flowers and birds; and running right along where Edgar had supposed his bed to be was a clear little brook, but no house. The brook seemed familiar to Edgar, somehow; and on looking at them closer, the trees and hills had a look far from strange. "I can't surely be anywhere within a thousand miles of home," he thought, "for I know Drifting Goose must be one of the fairies mamma read about in *Hiawatha*, and fairies always take you into other worlds. But this looks like our ravine. And there's my name and Baby Annabel's cut on that tree; and it *must* be our ravine."

Edgar is Introduced to Young fawn

CHAPTER II.

EDGAR IS INTRODUCED TO YOUNG FAWN.

THIS ravine was a favorite spot, often chosen by Edgar for his rambles and picnics. It was only a mile or so in length, and so narrow that a Pukwudjie might shoot an arrow across it at its widest part. Its sides were steep and grassy hills, so high that a crow sitting on the top of the highest tree in the valley could not see out over the surrounding country. The little stream ran from side to side, and in its loops were the most beautiful grass-plots in the world. It grew shady here very early in the afternoon, and to lie on one of these grassy spots in the shade of the hills, gazing up through the linden-boughs at the blue sky, listening to the drumming of woodpeckers, the screaming of jays and the cooing of doves, and watching the sailing clouds with the birds darting across their white bosoms, was a pleasure to be remembered.

It grew shady early in the afternoon, and dark early in the evening; and then frogs croaked in the brook, whip-poor-wills called from tree to tree, and big-eyed little screech-owls talked together in trembling voices, as if they were

afraid of the dark, and gobbled up the mice which were out making their evening calls. Rabbits hopped gravely from knoll to knoll. More than this, as Edgar firmly believed, at least one wild-cat walked softly along the dusky paths, and waited patiently at crossings for rabbits.



"SCREECH-OWLS TALKED TOGETHER."

He had never been in the ravine at night, but his papa had often told him a story of a wild-cat down in the "deep, dark ravine." It was Edgar's favorite story. His papa, in telling it, spoke the words "deep" and "dark" in a voice which made little children who heard it shut their eyes and

cling to some one, and ask to have it all told over again as soon as he had finished. It was a beautiful, creepy story, almost as good as a ghost story. But in all he had told of wild-cats, rabbits, screech-owls, and the other little folks of



"LISTENING FOR THE WILD-CAT."

the ravine, his papa had said never a word about Pukwudjies. But for all that, here was Drifting Goose marching along the sheep-path with the air of a person perfectly at home ;

and here was Edgar walking behind him with no fear except that he was a little afraid he might step on the great chief of the Pukwudjies and hurt him. And to him Edgar repeated aloud, "Why, it's our ravine!" To which Drifting Goose simply said, "Ugh!"

In fact he seemed to be getting graver as he went on. He stopped where the path turned sharply around the foot of a little hill, saying, "The paleface will stand here. Drifting Goose will come back soon." Then he crawled cautiously to the top of the bank, peeked over it at something on the other side, and seemed to be listening. Edgar could hear a shrill voice singing something which sounded like "Choo-hoo m-m-m choo-hoo m-m-m la-loo la-loo la-loo m-m-m-m-m!" repeated over and over again.

"It's all right," said Drifting Goose, coming back smiling. "Let us go on."

They passed the turn in the path and came upon a little tepee just on the other side of the bank over which Drifting Goose had been looking. The top of the tepee was only a little higher than Edgar's head. Out of a hole in the peak came a tiny curl of smoke. The singing still continued inside.

"Ahem!" said Drifting Goose, loudly. The singing stopped.

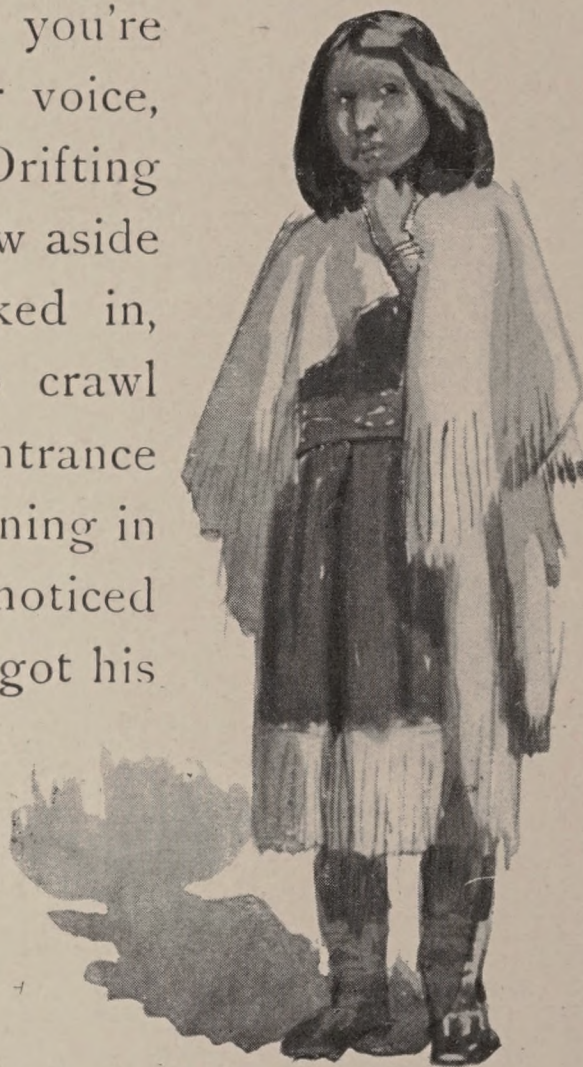
"Paleface brother," he began, "the great chief of the Pukwudjies is about to confer upon you a great honor. He

is about to make you acquainted with the belle of our people, the most beautiful of the Pukwudjies, Young Fawn, the squaw of Drifting Goose."

"I am very much obliged to you, I'm sure," said Edgar.

Drifting Goose, dropping his voice to a whisper, said: "I think it will be all right, if you're *very* careful;" then, in a louder voice, "Welcome to the wigwam of Drifting Goose." As he said this he drew aside the flap of the tepee and walked in, followed by Edgar, who had to crawl in on his hands and knees, the entrance was so low. There was a fire burning in the middle of the room. He noticed this at once; for he had hardly got his feet inside the flap when his nose was brought exactly over the fire. The smoke went up his nostrils and he began sneezing. The first sneeze blew the ashes and some of the sparks and embers all about the tepee;

the second only made it worse; and before he could stop, there was hardly any of the fire left in its place. He sat up, wiped the tears from his eyes, and, looking around him, saw across the room a little squaw, shorter and much fatter



"YOUNG FAWN, THE SQUAW OF
DRIFTING GOOSE."

than Drifting Goose, jumping up and down, and screaming with anger.

"Now you *have* done it," said Drifting Goose in a whisper. "My dear," said he to Young Fawn, when she stopped jumping—"my dear, I am sure you will be glad to meet this young gentleman."

"Oh, yes! I'm delighted, I am! I like to have my breakfast sneezed full of ashes by a great thing like that! I'm glad to have sparks and coals of fire blown into every corner of the wigwam, of course I am! And not a muskrat-skin of insurance on anything! And what difference does it make whether I want to meet him or not——"

"My dear——," Drifting Goose edged in, but Young Fawn was not to be stopped.

"I'm a mere slave! I must obey! I must do the commands of Drifting Goose, and be sneezed out of house and home at this time in the morning without saying a word! I must carry water, and dress skins, and hoe corn, and pound pemmican, and I—I—I——," and Young Fawn began jumping up and down worse than ever.

"She's hysterical," said Drifting Goose; "she's not out of temper at all. It's just a way she has. She is the best tempered girl in the world. That's why we call her Young Fawn, she's such a little dear, you know! Young Fawn, Young Fawn! This is the young gentleman who climbs trees and cuts his name in the bark, and——"



“ WELCOME TO THE WIGWAM OF DRIFTING GOOSE.”

"Your slave hears," said Young Fawn. "The tepee of Drifting Goose is open to the paleface brother. He may sneeze the very skins off the tepee, and Young Fawn must bear it without a word. She must be meek and quiet, for that's a squaw's place! She must——"

"I think we had better take a walk about the neighborhood," said Drifting Goose. "There are several things which I wish to show you."

Edgar was so much embarrassed by the sneezing and Young Fawn's behavior that he hardly knew what to do; but he thought it only proper to be polite to the lady in whose house he was a visitor, even though she did scold so, and as he crawled out of the tepee he said to her: "I bid you good morning, Mrs. Goose." But she paid no attention to him, except to scream louder and louder because he dragged his toe through the fire as he turned to crawl out.

Drifting Goose smoked in silence for a while after they came out into the open air. Then he said: "I *told* you to be very careful!"

"I am very sorry. I beg your pardon," said Edgar. "The tepee is *so* small, you know, and——"

"The paleface is forgiven," said Drifting Goose. "As for the tepee, it is large enough, as any one in the ravine will tell you. It would have been all right if it hadn't been for that sneezing."

"But one can't very well help sneezing when smoke goes up one's nose," said Edgar.

“ Absurd stuff and nonsense ! ” said Drifting Goose, drawing a long draught at his pipe, and puffing the smoke from his nose until it reminded Edgar of a double smoke-stack to an engine. “ The idea of sneezing on account of smoke in the nose ! ”

The Wild-cat Appears



“THE SMOKE . . . WAS ACTING VERY QUEERLY.”

CHAPTER III.

THE WILD-CAT APPEARS.

THE behavior of Young Fawn had disturbed Edgar so much that he hardly noticed for a few moments that the smoke from the nostrils of Drifting Goose was acting very queerly. It curled up in a spiral form, then swelled out like a balloon, and seemed to darken the whole sky.

"It must be a tornado," thought Edgar at first. "They always taper down to a point. I think we'd better go down cellar."

Then he remembered there was no cellar, and no house to blow down upon him, and no one but himself and Drifting Goose in danger. "Besides," thought he, "do tornadoes ever stand in one place, with their points in people's noses? There is no wind, no rain, no roar, no thunder and lightning, no people flying through the air, no straws being driven into stone walls, and no chickens with their feathers all blown off. It can't be a tornado." Edgar's papa had been reading an account of a tornado a day or so before, and he had his own ideas about these storms.

By this time the cloud from the nose of Met-a-kon-a-gon-

tu-la-kang-tug-koosh had spread out so as to make the entire valley as dark as late twilight.

"I know what it is," said Edgar; "it's a genie. That's just the way the genie acted when the fisherman in my Arabian Nights let him out of the vase. But Drifting Goose is a Pukwudjie, and Pukwudjies are a kind of fairy, too. And who ever heard of one fairy coming out of another fairy's nose? It's ridiculous. Perfectly ridiculous!" He repeated these long words for the purpose of seeing whether they would affect Drifting Goose as "honorificabilitudinitatibus" had done. "I declare, I don't know *what* it is. I never saw anything like it in my life. Why, it is as dark as *can* be. I can see the stars. Really, it's just as if Drifting Goose's smoke had changed the time of day."

As Edgar said "perfectly ridiculous," Drifting Goose stepped aside a little and stopped sending the smoke out of his nostrils. Then he took another long pull at the pipe, and began puffing rings of smoke from his mouth, just as smokers often do. But these rings, instead of dissolving in the air, kept growing larger, and whirling faster, and moving in regular order down the path in front of Drifting Goose, until there were a dozen or more of them spinning in the air above the path, all in a row. They shone like the scratch of a damp match in the dark, and looked prettier than Chinese lanterns even on a Fourth of July.

While Edgar was looking at them he heard a loud



“ HE JUMPED THROUGH EACH OF THEM, AS A BAREBACK RIDER JUMPS THROUGH PAPER HOOPS.”

"Meow," and saw a large wild-cat come running toward them in the path. When the wild-cat came to the rings he jumped through each of them, as a bareback rider jumps through paper hoops in the circus. The last but one he went through with a neat back-somersault. The last one was so new and so small that he could only poke his nose through it before running against the pipe, which he came near driving down the chief's throat. He threw himself down on the grass, panting, and said: "Beg your pardon, Drifting Goose. Didn't mean to run into you, really. Misjudged the distance, you know. No offense, I hope."

Drifting Goose looked at his pipe and saw that the tobacco had been knocked out of it. Then he put it back in his belt, where it had hung when Edgar first saw it, ready for use as either pipe or tomahawk. He wiped his mouth with his hand, looked to see if there was any blood on it, and, finding none, he said: "Ugh! Wild-Cat heap careless."

Then he walked angrily away, leaving Edgar and the wild-cat together.

This new companion lay panting on the grass in a patch of white moonlight. He was very fat and sleek. He had a necklace of elks' teeth about his neck, and wore a brightly decorated buckskin jacket.

"Some folks are mighty touchy, mighty touchy," said he

to Edgar. Then he went on : " Stranger in this neighborhood ? "

" No," said Edgar, " not exactly. I have been here lots of times, but I'm not very well acquainted yet."

" Friend of Drifting Goose ? "

" Yes ; that is, you know, I never met him until this morning,—or to-night, rather. I don't quite know whether it is night or morning. The time of the day changes down here so funnily——"

" Well," said Wild-Cat, " are you in the habit of living where it *doesn't* change ? "

" No," Edgar began,——

" Well, then, it seems to me that you shouldn't be surprised if it changes here. Now, ' down here,' as you call it, when it's dark, and the moon and stars come out, and the frogs croak, and screech-owls and whip-poor-wills try to sing, *we* call it night. What do you call it where you live ? "

" Why, we call it night, too," said Edgar.

" Then, I don't see that there's the least thing to confuse you," said Wild-Cat. " Maybe you're nervous. Bad thing, nervousness. My trouble is insomnia. Sometimes I can't sleep for weeks at a time. Nothing helps me but gymnastics or rabbits. I'm trying gymnastics to-night. Last night I tried rabbits. Don't know what I shall do to-morrow night if I can't get to sleep by morning. Did you ever have insomnia ? Curious disease. Don't know what

causes it. In my case I think it came from heart disease. I have always been too tender-hearted. Oh, my young friend, do not, I beg of you, stay out in the night air, or lie on the damp grass, or eat peanuts before going to bed, or do anything which may give you insomnia. Our whole family are subject to it."



"LAST NIGHT I TRIED RABBITS."

He laid his claws fondly on Edgar's shoulder, and seemed about to weep. Edgar thought it would be better to talk of something more cheerful than diseases, so he said :

"I think you must be the Wild-Cat papa has told me about."

Wild-Cat burst into tears. "Yes," sobbed he, "yes, I presume he's heard something of me; but I can tell you

things of which you have never dreamed,—things to make your blood run cold! My career has been a dark one. Let me tell it to you. It may do you good.”

“I shall be very glad to hear it,” said Edgar.

By the Camp fire

CHAPTER IV.

BY THE CAMP FIRE.

THEY walked down the path arm in arm. Wild-Cat dried his tears with his paw and seemed quite cheerful



“CAME UPON A VILLAGE OF PUKWUDJIE LODGES.”

again. As they went along, the way grew lighter, as if there were a fire somewhere near, but it was out of sight. At

last they passed a clump of trees, and came upon a village of Pukwudjie lodges, with several bright camp fires blazing in the open air, and a great many of the little people sitting and lying about on the grass, just as Indians are pictured as doing in books. Drifting Goose and Young Fawn were among the rest, and both of them shook hands with Edgar in a very friendly way, and just as if they had not seen him for a long time. They made room for him to sit down on the grass by the fire. Wild-Cat bowed to Young Fawn, nodded to Drifting Goose, sat down by the fire, and seemed to be trying to look sad. All the Pukwudjies came, and, crossing their little feet, sat down in a circle, with Wild-Cat, Young Fawn, Drifting Goose and Edgar in the middle. No one said anything for a long time. At last Drifting Goose rose and said: "Our next number will be a declamation by Wild-Cat, 'The Ballad of the Wild-Cat.'"

Wild-Cat rose, bowed to the company, and, in the saddest manner in the world, spoke.

THE BALLAD OF THE WILD-CAT.

I'm the kitten that once to its mother said,

"I'll never more be good,

I'll go and be a robber fierce,

And live in a dreary wood."

Then away I went from my mother's home,

To live in a dreary wood ;



“THE WILD-CAT ROSE AND, IN THE SADDEST MANNER IN THE WORLD, SPOKE.”

And a robber fierce I soon became,
And never more was good.

Oh, my mother wept as I went away,
But never a tear wept I ;
But I took my dagger between my teeth,
And my sword slung on my thigh,



“ OH, MY MOTHER WEPT AS I WENT AWAY ! ”

And I gripped my pistol in my hand,
And a mask tied on my face,
And out I went, in a stormy night,
To a black and gloomy place !

Oh, the thunder roared in that gloomy spot !
And the lightning flashed like fire,
And the rain poured down and filled the stream,
That higher rose and higher !

Down the dark path a spaniel came,
With a parcel in his teeth.
I cocked my pistol when I heard
His foot-fall on the heath !



“ WITH POLICEMEN HUNTING HIM THROUGH THE WOOD.”

On, on, he came to my lurking-place ;
With my pistol at his head,
I made him deliver that parcel of liver,
On which I greedily fed.



“ THEIR PARENT’S FIERCE CAME BRISTLING HOME.”

Of my gentle mother then thought I,
As she wept in her far-off home,
To think that her son was a robber fierce,
Who forever more must roam;

With policemen hunting him through the wood,
And sheriffs upon his trail,
As, his life to save, he flees to a cave,
Where he hides with terror pale !

I hunted me out a gloomy cave,
To hide me from cats and men ;
I crept within, and laid me down ;
But, alas ! 'twas a fox's den !

The small cub-foxes whined with fear
When I laid me in their lair.
Their parents fierce came bristling home.
Oh, how their eyes did glare !

My bullet I sent to the vixen's brain,
My sword through the fox's heart ;
And I took his skin to wrap me in,
And their bodies I dragged apart.

And I dug two graves with my crimsoned sword,
And buried in each a fox ;
And I took their cave for my robber's den,
For my guns and my great strong box.

Their cubs I fed, and bred them up,
My robber's band to be,

And for years and years, through blood and tears,
We waded in merry glee !

My teeth grew long, my claws grew strong—
A kitten no more was I,
But a wild-cat fierce, with my gun in hand,
And my sword slung on my thigh.

My band at night went forth to rob ;
In the morning back came they,
With money and meat to lay at my feet,
And fat I lived on the prey.

The beasts of the forest fled from me,
The timid birds took wing,
The children trembled to hear my scream.
Oh, I was a dreadful thing !

We sailed the sea, and ships robbed we
That sailed the Spanish Main ;
Then we landed and tore, with a horrible roar,
The safe from a passenger train !

Then back to our gloomy cave went we
With our treasures in bags and bales.
“ Ha, ha ! ” laugh my men, and they greet me then
As the chief who never fails.

But think not, think not, gentle boy,
That a happy cat was I,
For oft from my eye the tear ran down,
And often I heaved a sigh,

To think of the days in my mother's home—
The days when my heart was good—
Ere I went to be a robber fierce,
And live in a dreary wood !

In sleep the ghosts of my victims rose,
My fevered eyes before;
I saw with a shiver that parcel of liver !
I heard the torrent's roar.



“THEN BACK TO OUR GLOOMY CAVE WENT WE
WITH OUR TREASURES IN BAGS AND BALES.”

I could not, could not go forth to rob,
I could not, could not steal !
So a mourning hermit I became.
Oh, how sad, how sad I feel !

And still I dwell in my hermit's cave,
And mourn for my deeds of blood,
When I went to be a robber fierce,
And lived in a dreary wood, wood, wood,
And lived in a dreary wood !

In reciting this ballad, Wild-Cat's speaking was made more telling by several little things, the like of which Edgar had never seen before. When he spoke of the storm, all the camp fires suddenly went out, the lightning flashed above the treetops, and in the pauses between the stanzas the ravine was filled with echoing thunder. When he said, "Oh, how their eyes did glare !" all the eyes of the Pukwudjies shone like electric lights, and made the place quite as light as the camp fires had done. While he was describing his dark deeds as a robber, all the Pukwudjies danced like jumping-jacks about the speaker, giving shrill little war-whoops, flourishing their tomahawks, and shooting flights of arrows into the surrounding darkness. As Wild-Cat ended his story they were sitting in a circle as at the beginning, all of them weeping, except such as were groaning, and one of Drifting Goose's shining smoke-rings took its place just above Wild-Cat's head, where it made as nice a halo as any one could ask. They all clapped their hands at the close, and Wild-Cat rose and bowed with his halo in his hand.

"Isn't he a beautiful speaker ?" whispered Young Fawn,

in Edgar's ear. "He's the only one we have who can make the things actually happen, you know. If we encored him, he might speak another. Let's do it!" And they all began clapping their hands and shouting "Encore! encore!" as loud as they could.



"WILD-CAT ROSE AND BOWED, WITH HIS HALO IN HIS HAND."

Wild-Cat rose, took off his halo, bowed again and said: "I will now recite a new selection, describing the

destruction of Pompeii, and the burial of the city and all its inhabitants in ashes and lava. It will also contain some earthquakes. Please look out for the hills. They will probably fall before the ravine is filled up with lava. I shall try to entertain you as long as any of you are left. Please——” But before he could begin his declamation, every Pukwudjie was gone, and Edgar and Wild-Cat were sitting alone by the flickering camp fires, surrounded by the tepees of the deserted village.

“ I certainly sha’n’t sleep a wink to-night,” said Wild-Cat.

Edgar Visits the Professor

CHAPTER V.

EDGAR VISITS THE PROFESSOR.

FOR all that, he lay down on the grass and curled up, just as if he were about to take a nap. Edgar sat thinking over the curious things which had happened to him since he first saw Drifting Goose, and wondering what would happen next. At last he turned to speak to Wild-Cat, and found him sound asleep, with his nose poked between his paws. The halo leaned against the tree at his back.

"I mustn't wake him," said Edgar; "I do hope he'll sleep off his insomnia."

"Who ever said he had insomnia?" said a sharp voice at his side. He started, thinking that it was Young Fawn; but he saw nothing which looked like a Pukwudjie, and at first he did not notice a screech-owl sitting on a stump close to him.

As he looked about to see what had spoken, the voice said: "Why are you staring about in that way? And why don't you answer questions?"

"How do you do, sir?" said Edgar. "I did not see you at first. It is so dark, you know."

The screech-owl said nothing and sat perfectly still. Finally he said: "So what?"

"Excuse me," said Edgar, who had begun to think of something else. "Did you speak?"

The screech-owl looked sternly at him for a while, and finally said: "I did speak. We will now go back to the beginning. I spoke to you about Wild-Cat's insomnia. Do you remember that?"

"Yes."

"Then you began staring about you in a most foolish manner. Do you remember that?"

"I remember looking around; but——"

"Never mind the 'but.' Then you spoke to me, and, as I understood it, you said that you couldn't see me for some reason. Am I right?"

"Yes," said Edgar. "It is so dark here, you know, since the camp fires went out, that I had to look pretty sharp to see you at all."

The screech-owl again gazed at him for a long time in silence. At last he said: "I desired, sir, to engage in serious conversation with you. You meet me by making fun of me. I bid you good evening, sir."

"I am just as serious as you are," said Edgar; "and I haven't made fun of you, and I don't know what you are so angry about. I haven't said anything rude, I'm sure."

Edgar began throwing some dry wood upon the embers of

the camp fire. It blazed up, and showed Screech-Owl still sitting on the stump, blinking in the firelight.

"Am I to understand, then," he said, "that you are serious in saying that you could not see me on account of the darkness?"

"Certainly," said Edgar; "perfectly serious."

"Could you see me better just now, when the fire blazed up?"

"Much better."

"Most remarkable thing I ever heard of!" said Screech-Owl. "A person who actually sees better in the light. When do you do your flying?"

"I don't really fly, you know," said Edgar; "I walk about during the day."

"It's a very curious case," said Screech-Owl. "Needs light to see by, and walks about during the day. How do you catch mice for food?"

"Mice!" said Edgar. "Mice, indeed! I don't eat mice."

"Doesn't eat mice, walks about during the day, and can't see in the dark! I must certainly report this case to the Professor."

There was another long silence on Screech-Owl's part, during which Wild-Cat snored soundly.

"I am quite sure," said Edgar, "that he is sleeping off his insomnia nicely."

A couple of frogs came up out of the brook and strolled along the path, croaking to each other about the new basso who had come to live in the next pool. They took no notice of Edgar or Wild-Cat, but bowed very stiffly to Screech-Owl. They were then heard to plunge into the pool, and pretty soon their voices came out in a chorus of frogs which seemed to have been waiting for them. Two or three whip-poor-wills began calling from the treetops.

"I can't endure this," said Screech-Owl. "There ought to be some law to keep these people from making such a din. What music any one can hear in such noises I can't imagine. Whip-poor-wills are bad enough; but with a frogs' choir rehearsal on one side and a whip-poor-will duet on the other, one is really driven crazy. Would you mind going down the brook out of hearing?"

"Not at all," said Edgar. "I should like the walk."

Screech-Owl flew down the path and disappeared. Soon he came back, saying, "I forgot that you don't fly very well. I came near losing you. Perhaps I'd better sit on your shoulder." With that he perched upon Edgar's shoulder, with his keen little beak close to the boy's ear. His small claws were so sharp that they pricked through the clothes like pins, but Edgar said nothing about it for fear of offending him. "The people in the ravine are so easily put out," thought he, "that I'll try to stand his claws, if he doesn't pinch too hard."

“I suppose,” said Screech-Owl, “that he *has* insomnia, perhaps; but when one thinks very hard, one can’t help having it. I am sure I pass as many sleepless nights as



“HE PERCHED UPON EDGAR’S SHOULDER.”

any one. But I don't complain. I just go out and labor. I labor so industriously that mice are getting quite scarce in the ravine. You haven't noticed any on the way, have you?"

"No," said Edgar, "I haven't seen a person except those two frogs."

"I hardly think it proper to refer to frogs as persons," said Screech-Owl. "Excuse me for mentioning it; but we ought to be careful not to make mistakes about such things."

"I'm quite a stranger in the ravine," said Edgar, "and you must not be surprised if I make some mistakes."

"When in doubt, ask the Professor," said Screech-Owl.

"Where can I find him?" said Edgar.

"If you'll just turn up the gully to the right," said Screech-Owl, "I'll introduce you to him. The school-house is up there at the end. I'm taking you there. Or, rather, you're taking me there. In fact we're going there together. I can hardly make up my mind which of us is taking the other. I must ask the Professor."

As they went up the gully the darkness grew less, and when the end was reached it was almost as light as any shady spot in the ravine ought to be in the daytime. There was a sharp turn in the gully just at the end, and the walls were almost vertical. Edgar had often been there

for ferns and flowers, and was very much surprised when Screech-Owl said that the schoolhouse was just ahead. He was still more astonished when they passed the turn and went into the school.

There were trees and birds and blue sky overhead, and flowers and ferns underfoot. Sitting at his desk near the end wall was the Professor, holding his watch in his hand and loudly counting. There were a number of little Pukwudjie papposes standing on their heads, with their little noses in the grass, and their toes against the wall. Nobody paid any attention to Edgar. Screech-Owl left his



"A NUMBER OF LITTLE PUKWUDJIE PAPPOSES
STANDING ON THEIR HEADS."

shoulder and perched upon a root which grew down from the bank above, in a dark corner of the schoolroom.

"Fifty," counted the Professor, "fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-three, fifty-four," and finally "sixty! Time's up!" and all

the little brown pupils scrambled to their feet and took their seats on the grass in a circle about the desk. The Professor shut his watch with a snap. Screech-Owl held up one wing and snapped his beak.

The Professor looked at Screech-Owl, saying, "What is it, Screech-Owl?"

"I took the liberty," said Screech-Owl, "of bringing you a visitor. This is Edgar. He is a stranger in the ravine; a friend of Wild-Cat."

"Oh, yes, certainly," said the Professor. "Bring him in. I thought it was a tree. So tall, I didn't see you." Then very soberly the little man held up his hand to Edgar's, saying, "The Wise One of the Pukwudjies, Meda, greets with gladness Edgar the Giant. O, Powerful One, let us be friends. Please don't step on the papposes. Take a seat on the stump."

"He's the most wonderful person you ever saw," said Screech-Owl. "He wants light to see by."

"That is not strange," said the Professor. "So do the sheep."

"But he doesn't eat mice."

"Neither do the doves nor the frogs."

"He doesn't fly, he says; and he walks about during the day," persisted Screech-Owl.

"That isn't even odd," said the Professor. "I don't fly myself, and a great many very respectable creatures walk



“ MEDA’S SCHOOL.”

about during the day. I never could teach that Screech-Owl any of the principles of Comparative Habitology. But I'm very glad he brought you in, for all that."

"You are very kind to say so, I am sure," said Edgar, seating himself on the stump. Screech-Owl seemed very much put out because the Professor was so little surprised at Edgar's strange traits. He sulkily retired farther and farther into the dark corner until he was out of sight.

Inversion and Lamentation

CHAPTER VI.

INVERSION AND LAMENTATION.

THE Professor's nose was long and high and thin. His skin was copper-colored and very much wrinkled. He had no hair. His deerskin leggings and jacket were yellow. His pipe of red pipe-stone had carved upon it an owl's head and a number of curious figures of which Edgar could not imagine the meaning. He carried a watch, which sometimes dangled from a ring in his nose and sometimes was slipped into his pocket. A ball of mud had been stuck upon his right eyebrow and had dried there. He seemed very old and very wise. They sat for a long time in silence, during which none of the papposes moved. At last the Professor said :

“ We should be glad to hear any remarks which you may feel inclined to favor us with before the school is dismissed.”

Edgar was puzzled to know what to do. He had no idea what was expected of him, but he was afraid of offending the Professor if he refused to speak. At last he said : “ I'll speak a few verses my mamma reads to me sometimes—

“Hidden in the alder-bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.”



“THE PROFESSOR.”

“Wait a moment,” said the Professor. “We must spread this on the records.” And he handed to one of the pap-

pooses a short stick peeled so as to look like a striped stick of candy. "Please proceed."

Edgar could not remember any more of Hiawatha's deer-shooting, except by going back to the beginning again, so he tried something else, saying:

"Not many years ago, where we now stand, the rank thistle nodded in the breeze and the wild fox dug his hole unscared."

"Really, we must make a record of that," said the Professor, handing another striped stick to a member of the school. Edgar bowed and sat down.

"One!" said the Professor, "two! three!" and the little Pukwudjies skipped down the gully like chipmunks and were out of sight in a breath.

"My advanced pupils are in school only on the third fair day after the first full moon in each month," said the Professor. "These are the primary pupils."

"What are they studying?" asked Edgar.

"They begin with Inversion, and when they have finished that they take up Lamentation," replied the Professor.

"I think I know what Inversion is," said Edgar, "but I haven't got to it yet. It's where the book says 'Invert the divisor and multiply the numerators together for a new numerator and the denominators for a new denominator,' isn't it?"

"Ugh!" said Drifting Goose. "Paleface make very strong talk!"

The great chief of the Pukwudjies was seated on the ground in the middle of the schoolroom.

"Let the speech of the paleface be spread upon the records," said the Professor, "for his words are very wise and—and long." And he handed one of the little striped sticks to Drifting Goose. The chief took it, shook his head gravely, and put it into his tobacco pouch.

Edgar was so much interested in knowing what the papposes were studying, that he felt no surprise at the sudden appearance of Drifting Goose.

"Is that what you mean by Inversion?" he asked.

"Not quite," said the Professor. "Did you never study Inversion when you were young?"

"No," said Edgar, "never. Will you please explain it to me?"

"Every wise teacher," said the Professor, "when a pupil comes to him, begins by making the pupil unlearn a great deal. Some think it enough to cause the student to forget all that the last master taught. The Wise-One-with-the-Mud-on-His-Eyebrow is more thorough. He requires his pupils to forget all that they have ever learned. Now what have the papposes of this ravine learned when they come to school?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Edgar.

"When one of them is three days old," the Professor went on, "it is strapped with its back on a board, and is hung up

on the lodge pole or leaned against the tepee when not carried in its mother's arms. It learns to stand at all times with its head up and its feet down. This is all wrong. Cannot flies and birds and squirrels walk with their heads downward? And why not Pukwudjies?"

"I can hang by my feet for a little while," said Edgar, "but it makes my face so red!"

"All the better for that," said Young Fawn, who had come in. "Most of our best people here paint their faces red. And their faces are quite red without any paint."

"But it makes my head jump," said Edgar, "if I hang too long."

"I know a great many people whose whole bodies jump, and they don't complain," said Wild-Cat, sitting down by Drifting Goose.

"But hanging head downward makes one's head throb and ache," said Edgar.

"That's because you haven't been properly taught," said



"IT IS STRAPPED WITH ITS BACK
ON A BOARD."

the Professor. "You were left standing about the tepee head up and strapped to a board——"

"No, I was not!" said Edgar. "My mamma wouldn't do such a thing."

"How careless of her!" said Young Fawn. "You might have died."

"Nonsense!" said the Professor. "Anyhow, you were not hung head down, were you now?"

"No," said Edgar, "of course not!"

"I thought not, I thought not," said the Professor. "Mothers are just the same everywhere. Why, I have gone about the village many a time turning the papposes' heads down on their boards, and pinching them until they cried, and what do you suppose their mothers do?"

"They ought to make you run the gantlet," said Young Fawn.

"They always turn the babies back again and soothe them until they stop crying. I can't make them see that I must know more about babies than they do. So, you see, as soon as the pupils come to my school I am obliged to make them stand on their heads until they have unlearned what their mothers have taught them."

"Oh, I see," said Edgar. "When I came in, the scholars were reciting their Inversion lesson. But why do you pinch the little papposes to make them cry?"

"Their mothers teach them not to cry," said the Pro-

fessor. "Now the air is not fit for breathing unless a certain amount of weeping is done in it. Where is all the rain to come from if no one cries, I should like to know?"

"I do my share, I'm sure," said Wild-Cat sadly.



"HE TOOK EDGAR BY THE ARM."

"And crying is necessary for the proper growth of the lungs," went on the Professor. "So I find it necessary to have the pappooses unlearn what they are taught by their mothers as to crying. I give prizes to the pupil who can weep longest, loudest and most bitterly."

“And you won’t let me compete,” said Wild-Cat, still more sadly. “I could take every prize, and you know it, Professor.”

“When you go past the school and hear a great deal of sobbing and crying, you will know that the Lamentation class is reciting.”

“I never heard of any such thing before,” said Edgar. “I supposed that the Lamentation class must be studying the Book of Lamentations in the Bible.”

“No,” said Meda. “Our course only takes in the Oral Lamentation. Written Lamentation will come in the University course, if we can ever get it started.”

“I propose,” said Wild-Cat, “that we return to the village. Come on, Paleface.” And he took Edgar by the arm, escorting him down the gully toward the brook. The others all followed in single file. Even Screech-Owl came out of his dark hole and flew silently from tree to tree toward the village.

Wild-Cat Explains

CHAPTER VII.

WILD-CAT EXPLAINS.

"How do you like it as far as you've got?" asked Wild-Cat of Edgar as they walked toward the village. "These ravine people, I mean."

"They are very nice, I am sure," said Edgar. "But there are some things I don't understand at all. Perhaps you can explain them to me."

"Glad to do anything I can, I assure you. What puzzles you?"

"Oh, a number of things," said Edgar. "For one thing, how do you make the things really happen when you make a speech?"

"It's the power of mind over matter," answered Wild-Cat.

"But *I* can't do it," said Edgar.

"That's because you don't get the proportions right," said Wild-Cat—"the proportions of mind and matter, you know," he explained, seeing that Edgar looked puzzled. "Most people try to get along with too little mind to the ton of matter. But they never make anything

happen. You mustn't be stingy about putting in mind if you expect to go into the event business. Understand it now?"

"A little," said Edgar. "It's not very easy, is it?"

"Not very easy to do," said Wild-Cat, "but awfully simple to understand. Now, you know what volts are, don't you?"

"They're something in electric batteries, aren't they?" said Edgar.

"Yes," said Wild-Cat; "and ohms and amperes and watts are other things like 'em. Isn't that plain?"

"I suppose it is," said Edgar, though as a matter of fact he could make no sense of anything Wild-Cat was saying. But that worthy hermit proceeded:

"Well, suppose you are going to speak 'The Village Blacksmith,' what things have you got to make occur?"

"Why, you must have the spreading chestnut tree, and the village smithy, and the blacksmith, and the swinging of 'his heavy sledge with measured beat and slow,' at least," said Edgar, rather proud of his knowledge.

"Certainly you must," said Wild-Cat. "You must make them happen, and also the children looking in at the open door, and the bellows, and the 'burning sparks that fly like chaff from a threshing-floor.' And if you're not careful they'll set fire to the schoolhouse."

"And then the janitor would turn in a fire alarm," said

Edgar, "the teacher would march us all out, the fire engines would come to put out the fire, and we'd have a vacation until a new schoolhouse could be built."

"Don't interrupt," said Wild-Cat. "We are supposing that you are about to speak 'The Village Blacksmith' in such a way as to make the things happen as you speak. You have to make a smithy, a tree, a crowd of children, and all those things. How do you make 'em? By mind-power. You turn on so many volts, or ohms, or watts of mind, and you've got 'em. Isn't it simple?"

"It sounds simple," said Edgar.

"After you learn more about these things you'll understand better the meaning of the expressions 'Watts the matter' and 'Watts on the mind.'"

"It must be very hard work," said Edgar.

"It is," said Wild-Cat. "Sometimes I think it's the memory of my life as a robber that brings on my insomnia; and then again I think it is the mind-power I use up in public speaking. Oh, my dear boy, my dear boy, it's a terrible thing to be great!—especially to be so great that it keeps you awake nights." And Wild-Cat wept a large tear from each eye.

"I noticed," said Edgar, changing the subject, "that the frogs don't seem to be very friendly with Screech-Owl. Do you know why?"

"Well," replied Wild-Cat, "Screech-Owl is a perfect

simpleton. But that isn't the reason, for the frogs are just as silly—that isn't the reason. It grows out of that Lord Frog marriage, you remember."

"How?"

"Why, don't you remember how 'Lord Frog he would a-wooing go.' He married Miss Mouse, you know, and the frogs claim that the mice are relatives of theirs. And Screech-Owl has, in its very worst form, the habit of eating mice. So the frogs are pretty cool toward Screech-Owl. You'd feel that way yourself, I'll wager, in their place."

"I don't blame the frogs a bit," replied Edgar. "Another thing I should like to know is, why does the Professor wear that lump of mud over his eye?"

"Oh, he calls that his 'medicine.' He thinks it helps him to cure his patients and keeps off evil spirits. It's a mere superstition."

"The mud is?"

"No, the idea is. Don't you know what a superstition is?" asked Wild-Cat. "A superstition is a foolish notion which some one else believes in. Rabbits are very superstitious. They think it unlucky to go along the paths in the ravine whenever I have a fit of insomnia."

"I think the Professor must be very wise, even if he is a little superstitious," said Edgar. "I should like to ask another question about him. Why does he say some-

times 'We must make a record of this,' and at the same time give a little peeled stick to some one?"

"Oh, don't you know about that?" exclaimed Wild-Cat. "Here, Professor, the Chief of the Palefaces wants to know about the Pukwudjie memory sticks. Can't you explain the matter?"

"They are made," said the Professor, coming up, "by cutting plum twigs, and peeling therefrom spiral or circular strips of the outer bark."

"Thank you," said Edgar. "But what are they given for?"

"I see," said the Professor; "in your country it must be that there is no such thing as history. Let me illustrate by calling one of my pupils. Come here, Leaping Mouse!"

They had reached the village, and a pappoose, who had received one of the memory sticks while Edgar was speaking to the school, came at the call. To him the Professor said: "The Leaping Mouse will open the wisdom of the paleface giant."

The Leaping Mouse took from his pouch the little memory stick and said: "Nutmegs are generally low where we now stand. The rank thistle nodded to the geese, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared."

"The memory stick is given as a token that the person receiving it must remember what is said. That is how we spread things on the records," explained the Professor.

"Many years hence, if the paleface giant returns to this village he will find Leaping Mouse ready to tell him the story of the fox's hole, and his brother to repeat the tale of Hiawatha's hunting."

"See this?" said Young Fawn, showing a memory stick which she had gone into the tepee to get.

"Yes," said Wild-Cat. "What is it?"

"It is the memory stick which records the story of Pearl



Hair," said Young Fawn. "It is a tale of Iagoo, the Story Teller, and was given me with this stick when I was only twice as high as a mushroom."

"IT IS THE MEMORY STICK WHICH RECORDS THE STORY
OF PEARL HAIR."

"Will you
please tell it?"

"With pleasure," said Young Fawn. They all sat down, and the belle of the Pukwudjies told the tale which I shall put in the next chapter.

The Legend of Pearl Hair

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LEGEND OF PEARL HAIR.

“ IN the time of the Strong Ones there was a little girl who was called Pearl Hair because of the pearliness of her hair. She belonged to the family of the Winds. I believe that Shawandasee, the South Wind, was her father ; and that she was the cousin of Hiawatha. All the Winds loved her. Either Mudjekeewis, the West Wind, or Keewaydin, the Northwest Wind, was almost always to be found following her when she went out strolling over the rivers and forests.

“ If you remember what great things were done by the Strong Ones in those days, you will not feel at all surprised when I speak of a little girl walking over rivers and forests. The daughter of the South Wind and the cousin of Hiawatha could do mightier things than that.

“ Her hair looked like spun mother-of-pearl. It lay in great waves and puffs all over her head, and glittered like a rainbow in the sunlight. In the shadows between the waves it was blue, like a dove's wing, and in the night it was dark. She loved the sunlight and the warmth of summer. All the trees and flowers knew her. When she walked abroad on

summer afternoons the night-hawks and swallows skimmed about her head. There was only one animal of which she was afraid, the bear. You remember the father of Hiawatha, Mudjekeewis, her uncle, killed Mishe-Mokwa, the great bear, and so the families were not on very good terms.

“One hot afternoon in July Pearl Hair went walking. Shawandasee started with her, and Keewaydin followed after, but they both dropped asleep and she moved on alone. The sun shone warm, and made rainbows of the pearly snow-drifts of her hair. All her friends, especially the trees and flowers, were glad to see her. For a long time a flock of cranes sailed in circles before her face, talking to her in their queer way about their life on the prairies.

“‘Per-r-r-r-t,’ one would say, meaning, ‘We had such fun dancing on the burnt prairie last spring!’

“‘Per-r-r-r-r-r-r-t,’ another would remark, which meant, ‘And we’ve had no trouble this year in finding all the frogs and sweet little striped snakes we could eat.’ Then they would all slowly say, as they floated without moving a wing, ‘Per-r-r-t . . . Per-r-r-t,’ by which they meant ‘How good the times are this season!’ They were only sand-hill cranes, who always think times are good when there are plenty of frogs and snakes. The whooping cranes are harder to please, I am told.

“The cranes at last sailed away toward their home. The sun grew hotter, and little Pearl Hair felt that the waves of



“THE CRANES SAILED AWAY TOWARD THEIR HOME.”

her shining locks were puffing up higher and higher. They often did that of a hot day. An osprey caught a fish in a lake so far away that she could see only a splash as he dived after it. Soon he came toward her screaming, chased by a naughty eagle who kept telling him to drop the fish. Little Pearl Hair felt like boxing the eagle's ears. He was always robbing the osprey in that way. The osprey could not carry the fish and fly fast enough to keep out of the eagle's way, and was forced to drop his dinner. The eagle caught it, and, seeing that this had happened almost under little Pearl Hair's nose, he sneaked away ashamed to his nest.

"Then she noticed that a night-hawk was flying about near her, in the crazy manner of such birds. He would scream 'Kaie! Kaie! Kaie! Kaie! Kaie!' and every time he said 'Kaie' he flirited himself higher in the air. Whenever he had worked himself up to a point as high as either cranes or osprey had been, he would suddenly turn head downward and dart like an arrow toward the earth, as if he were determined to dash himself to pieces, making a loud humming noise, somehow, as he fell. Just in time to save himself from striking the ground, he would turn and begin fliriting himself upward again, screaming 'Kaie!' at the top of his voice. Little Pearl Hair was much amused by him, but whether or not she knew why he behaved so, or how he made that queer humming noise, I am sure I cannot say. Do you know?

“At last it came into her mind that night-hawks fly mostly in the evening and that it was time for her to be going home. The sun was still making rainbows in her hair, but at her feet was shadow. She thought of the bears and trembled; for she was far from home, she could not remember her way, and the sun was setting. The sun dropped out of sight in the west. Away in the mountains she could hear the bears growling to one another that it was time to go out after their prey.

“She was very much frightened. ‘Shawandasee!’ she called. ‘Keewaydin!’ But neither of her companions came or answered. She began to weep. Her tears pattered on the flowers and trees below. She asked the flowers to help her, but they were all asleep—all but the Four-o’clocks.

“The Four-o’clocks said: ‘Our feet are fast to the soil. We cannot come.’

“She asked Night-Hawk, but he said nothing but ‘Kaie! . . . Kaie!’ flirting himself higher than ever, and then diving down again.

She said to the owl: ‘Will you not help me or send me help?’ But the owl answered, ‘Who? Who? Who?’ as if he did not understand.

“The cranes, the eagle and the osprey had gone to rest. The growls of the bears sounded nearer and nearer. Poor little Pearl Hair! All her friends asleep or absent, and her



“THE OSPREY . . . WAS FORCED TO DROP HIS DINNER.”

enemies approaching! No wonder her tears fell in showers.

“At last she saw Firefly sending out his little spark from beneath her. ‘Oh, Firefly!’ said little Pearl Hair, ‘I am all alone. The bears are coming. Can you help me?’

“‘I am little,’ said Firefly, ‘but I will do the best I can.’

“And he called together all the fireflies. As soon as they were all met, the chief of the fireflies said:

“‘There is a thing of which the bears are afraid, and that is fire. Let us go and by fire frighten away the bears from little Pearl Hair.’

“So all the fireflies flew to little Pearl Hair and alighted upon her shoulders, her neck, and especially in her hair. ‘Do not be afraid,’ said they; ‘the bears are cowards. We will frighten them away.’

“‘Oh, thank you!’ said she, ‘but are you sure?’

“‘Wait and see,’ said the fireflies. So the maiden waited, trembling and weeping. At last she saw before her the fiery eyes of the bears. They were rushing on to tear her, when all at once the fireflies flashed forth their fires, filling her hair with flame, and lighting it up like bright sunlight.

“‘It is day!’ roared the bears, and ran back, scared, toward their dens. Their voices echoed from hill to hill and rolled down the valleys. When the echoes died away,

the sobs of little Pearl Hair, like gusts of wind, could be heard, while her tears still pattered on the ground. Then the fierce bears, seeing that the darkness had returned, came snuffing back to seize their prey. Again the fireflies lighted up their fires, making the little girl's tresses to



“THEY WERE RUSHING ON TO TEAR HER.”

shine like pearl, and at each flash the savage bears shrank back growling and roaring to their lairs.

“The South Wind, Shawanda see, saw from a distance the shining of the fireflies, heard the growling of the bears, and ran to help his daughter. But Keewaydin, the North Wind, was there before him. The bears heard the roaring of

his breath and the trampling of his feet as he rushed through the forests. They ran whimpering into their dens, and dared not again come forth. Keewaydin took little Pearl Hair in his arms and carried her safely to her home.

“These things happened long, long, long ago, in the time of the Strong Ones. But if you wish to see the same thing, you must watch the western horizon during the hot summer afternoons. Some day you will see a white cloud, all puffs and waves, shining like pearl in the western sky. That is the head of little Pearl Hair. It will grow higher and higher. You will see the birds flying across it. You will see the shadows in it, blue like a dove’s wing.

“When the sun sets you will hear the growling of the bears. That is the thunder. You will see the flashing of the fireflies as they scare the beasts away. That is the lightning. You will feel the tear-drops of the lost and frightened maiden. That is the shower. And at last you will hear the rush and feel the breath of the wind which bears the clouds away.”

A Lecture on Baldness

CHAPTER IX.

A LECTURE ON BALDNESS.

YOUNG FAWN, while repeating the story of little Pearl Hair, held the memory stick in her hand, as if it were a book from which she was reading.

"Is that all?" asked Edgar.

"It is all," said Young Fawn, looking proudly at the memory stick. "It is the only real Iagoo in the ravine," she added, putting it into her pocket.

"It is a very fine story," said Screech-Owl. "The Owls who said 'Who? Who?' to little Pearl Hair were not Screech-Owls, or they wouldn't have been so stupid. They were those clumsy Horned-Owls."

Nobody paid any attention to what Screech-Owl said. All the Pukwudjies seemed to have come back to the village as soon as the fear of earthquakes and lava was past. Edgar was thinking of Young Fawn's story and of Pearl Hair.

"I know a girl named Pearl Smith," said he, "and a boy named John Haire. Now, if they grow up and marry, her name will be Pearl Haire. But it won't be polite to call her by that name, and I suppose I shall have to call her Mrs. Haire. So it isn't worth bothering with."

"The paleface says well," said Drifting Goose.

"She must have had an Indian name of some kind," Edgar went on; "and as Pearl Feather's Indian name was 'Megissogwon,' I suppose hers must be either 'Megis-something' or 'Something-Sogwon.' Don't you think so?" asked he of the Professor.

"I do not doubt that some such thing might or might not have been," said the Professor.

There was a long silence, during which Drifting Goose smoked, and Edgar tried to think out the Professor's meaning.

"She must have been a very stupid person," said the Professor.

"Who?" asked Edgar.

"Pearl Hair," answered the Professor.

"Why?" asked Young Fawn.

"With all that mop of hair, to be sure," said the Professor, who was perfectly bald. "How could she be anything else?"

"As to 'mops of hair' I haven't a word to say," said Wild-Cat, "but as a citizen of this ravine, sir, who is covered with hair, sir, to a degree, I demand, sir, that you explain the words which you have used, sir, by which you seem to hint that to have hair is to be foolish!"

As Wild-Cat said this he looked very fiercely at the Professor, digging his long nails into the ground at the same



“ THE WILD-CAT DEMANDS AN EXPLANATION.”

time. He appeared angry, indeed, but the Professor did not seem at all frightened.

"Very glad to explain—very glad indeed," replied he. "It's a beautiful theory. Worked it all out myself. Just finished it. I'm going to call it 'Meda's Theory of Baldness.'"

"None of our family ever had it," said Screech-Owl, but nobody noticed him. All were gathered about Meda, the Professor, who stood upon the bare trodden earth in front of the tepee. He began cutting some rather large figures in the firm, smooth earth, using the point of his little hunting knife. Edgar knelt down so as not to obstruct the view of those back of him. Leaping Mouse squatted near Meda, and drew little figures in the earth with an arrow-point, and explained them to the other papposes. The wild-cat glared fiercely at Meda, but winked once or twice at Edgar while the Professor was not looking. The first figure was like this:

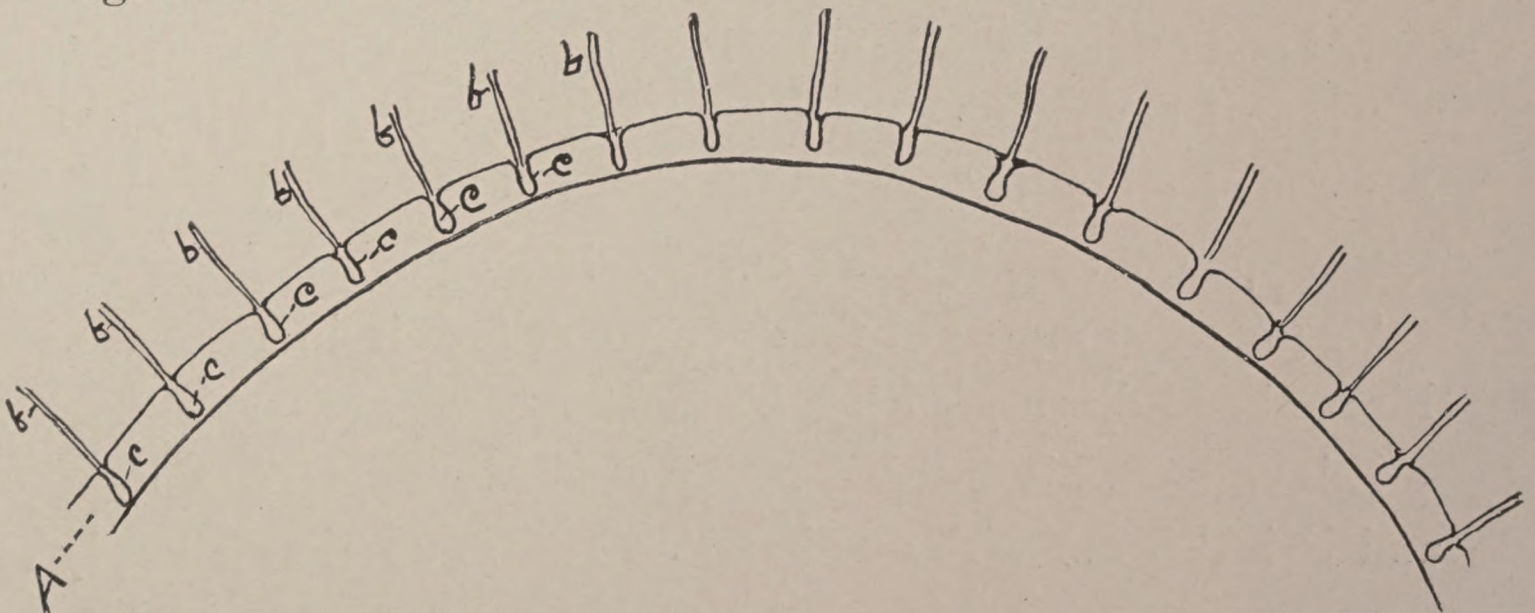


FIGURE I.

"Now," said Meda, "look at Figure 1, which shows the human scalp as it exists on the heads of most people, somewhat magnified."

"But *are* most people somewhat magnified?" asked Screech-Owl, who was sitting on Edgar's shoulder again.

"A is the scalp itself; b, b, b, b, b, b, are hairs, and c, c, c, c, c, c are little sockets in which the hairs are set. Isn't that plain?"

"Go on," said Wild-Cat. "We'll see how plain it is when you are through."

"I understand it perfectly," said Edgar.

"I think it would be much plainer if you say 'dignified' instead of 'magnified,'" said Screech-Owl.

"You observe," went on the Professor, "that each hair is bulged out like a wild onion at the root. This bulb is a sort of knob which keeps it in place. Will some one please oblige me with a hair, so that we may all see the knobbed root?"

No one offered the hair. Meda finally said to Edgar:

"May I have one of your hairs, if I agree to pull it without your feeling it?"

"If you are sure it won't hurt," said Edgar.

"I give you my word that you won't feel it in the least. Please bend down your head."

Edgar bent his head. Meda carefully selected a hair, and jerked it out with one hand, at the same time sharply

thumping the spot where it grew with the knuckles of the other.

"Oh!" cried Edgar. "That hurts! Stop!"

"I have quite finished," said Meda. "Did you feel it?"

"It hurt dreadfully," said Edgar, rubbing his head.

"Pulling the hair—did you feel that?"

"No-o," said Edgar, "but that was because the other hurt was so bad——"

"Oh, pshaw," interrupted Wild-Cat, "one explanation at a time is enough. I call the gentleman to order."

"The gentleman from, from——," said Drifting Goose, trying to think just where Edgar was from. "The gentleman from The-Big-Tepee-with-Corners will please come to order."

"You all notice," went on Meda, holding Edgar's hair up for them to see, "that this hair is shaped at the end which was set in the scalp as shown in the figure. Well, all hairs are so shaped. If you doubt it, we will examine some more hairs."

Nobody seemed to doubt it, so Meda went on:

"We must now take up the subject of brains. Brains are things to think with. They are composed of white matter and gray matter."

"Then," said Screech-Owl, "I suppose that white owls have brains of white matter, and gray owls have the other kind." Nobody paid any attention to him, and the poor little fellow began mournfully wailing in Edgar's ear.

"Why does no one notice me?" at the same time pricking his claws into the shoulder on which he sat, so that the little boy found it very hard to pay attention to Meda's lecture on brains. At last he heard him saying :

"Skulls are boxes made to hold brains. Now, the skull fits over the brain, and the scalp over the skull. They all grow at once while we are young, and all stop growing at the same time. The brains of most grown-up people always fit their skulls, because such persons forget as many things as they learn, and so their brains do not grow. But sometimes a person is found who learns a great many things, and remembers them, and who thinks a great deal, so that his brain has to grow to hold his wisdom. This presses the skull outward and stretches the scalp. You can easily see that this must cause the little sockets of the hairs to stretch so as to loosen the hairs. I can make this plainer by another figure." And Meda drew on the ground:

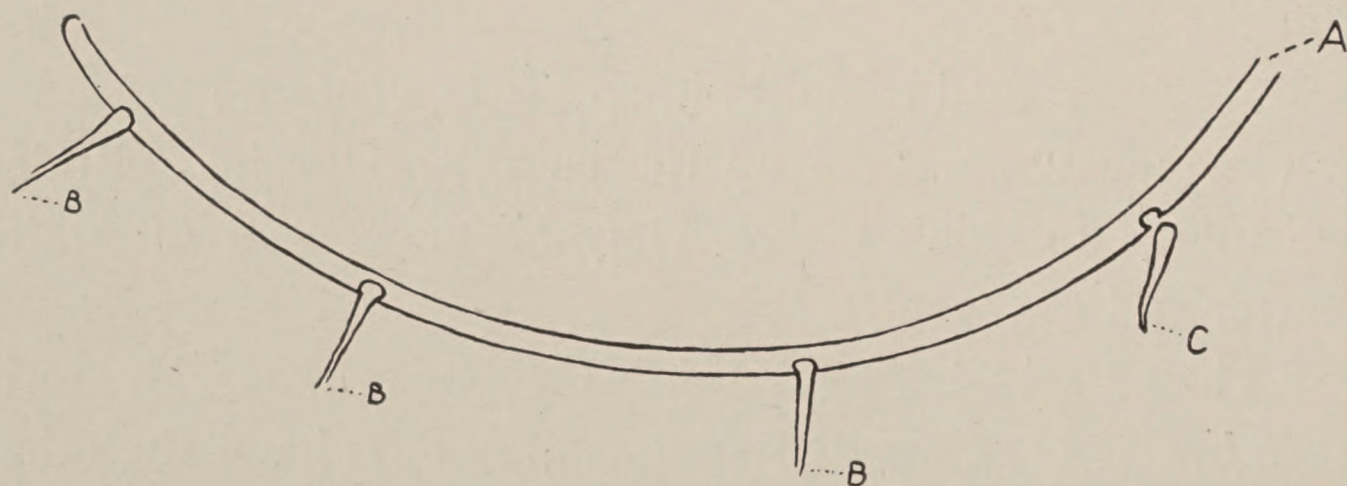


FIGURE 2.

"This," said Meda, "shows the scalp of a moderately

wise person. A is the skin stretched thinner than in Figure 1; B, B, B, are hairs far apart, on account of the wisdom-stretched scalp; C is a hair just losing its hold and falling out. In a *very* wise person all the hair falls out, as you may have noticed. The scalp is stretched so that it shines. The sockets for the hairs disappear. When such a person is found, you should be very careful to pay attention to what he says."

All the Pukwudjies looked at Meda's shining bald head with great respect.

"Does the brain ever get smaller?" asked Edgar, who had forgotten about the thump on his head.

"Sometimes," said Meda, "but it is a very bad thing when it does. It shows that the person in whose skull it happens to be is growing foolish instead of wise. In such cases the scalp shrinks, the hairs are closer together, sometimes so thick that they have to stand up. You will notice such people playing football and such things. It is very sad. Let us change the subject."

"I'm tired of this," said Young Fawn. "Let's play something else."

Dinners, Meetings and Rules

CHAPTER X.

DINNERS, MEETINGS AND RULES.

EDGAR watched Leaping Mouse as he squatted, scratching little figures in the earth with an arrow-head. Young Fawn had just said, "Let us play something else," and Edgar looked up to see what they would do next. All were gone! Only Screech-Owl was left, still perched on the little boy's shoulder, and Leaping Mouse digging in the earth.

"Didn't you hear them say, 'Let us play something else?'" said Screech-Owl. "Why don't you do it? Why doesn't some one pay any attention to me or any one! O-o-o-h! o-o-o-oh!"

"I don't know what they play here," said Edgar. "For pity's sake, don't stick your claws in so! What shall I do with this owl, Leaping Mouse; it is snapping its bill in my ear, and pricking my shoulder dreadfully!"

"Squeak, squeak!" said Leaping Mouse, and before Edgar could have counted three he was scampering away in the form of a mouse, pursued by Screech-Owl. The little owl would dart swiftly at the mouse, but somehow it always just missed catching him, and they went out of sight among

the trees, the owl still pursuing, the mouse still scampering away.



“HE WAS SCAMPERING AWAY IN THE FORM OF A MOUSE.”

“I *do* hope Screech-Owl won’t catch him,” thought Edgar. “He is a leaping mouse now, sure enough. How queer everything is down here! But, after all, most of it

is fun. I wonder if the boys at school will believe all this. That silly owl ought to know it isn't a real mouse! I never saw such a foolish owl in my life. I don't wonder that the frogs don't think it worth while to associate with them."

He was all alone again. The Pukwudjies, with their animal friends, were nowhere to be seen. The ravine was as quiet as if these little folks had never entered it. He could hear the cattle lowing in the pasture just beyond the edge of the wood. Half a mile further was his home, and in it were his mother and Annabel, but he never thought to wonder whether they would be anxious about him. He wanted to find Drifting Goose and Wild-Cat again. As they did not return, he began looking for them in the various dark nooks and grassy plots along the stream. He saw no one until, coming to a green glade in a bend of the stream, he saw a large frog sitting alone at a table. There were dishes and food before him, and he occasionally nibbled at some of the victuals, but did not seem at all hungry.

"How do you do?" said Edgar.

"Very well, I thank you," said the frog. "I hope I see you well?"

"Quite well, thank you."

The frog had a black oil-cloth portfolio slung over his shoulder by a cord and swinging at his side. Out of this he took a large book, with the title "Rules of Etiquette"

in big letters on its cover, and opened it before him on the table. He began leafing it over, as if anxiously searching for something, turning first to the back of the book, then to the beginning, then running over the pages in the middle.

At last he said: "I can't ask you to sit down with me. I don't know the rule. I can't find it. I've looked under G for giant and guest, and there isn't a thing about guests. inviting giants to sit down at table. There isn't a word about giants. Do you know the rule?"

"No," said Edgar. "Maybe it is in the next higher book. I should ask Meda about it. But who is the guest?"

"I am; and you don't know how anxious I am to get away. I promised my wife that I'd be back three weeks ago. All that time I've sat at this table trying to find some rule which would allow me to go home. But I am sure, now, that there is none."

"But, if you are all alone, how can you be a guest?" asked Edgar. "I don't understand."

"This is the way of it," said the frog. "I am a member of the Lily-pad Nocturnal Choral Society. Some of our members were invited to a dinner here three weeks ago, and when it was almost over, a messenger came and took all but me to a special business meeting. They are to come back for the dessert. I think something must have delayed them, don't you?"



“ HE SAW A LARGE FROG SITTING ALONE AT A TABLE.”

"Yes," said Edgar. "I see now that you're a guest. But why don't you go home?"

"Rule 18," said the frog, tapping his book. "It says: 'One should never leave table without asking permission of the hostess.' Hostess has been away three weeks. Can't get excused until she comes back. Three weeks is a very long time to sit at table! Would you mind telling some of our people about it, if you see any of them?"

"I'll go and find some of them," said Edgar. "Where shall I look?"

"In the pool, if you please. If you see the hostess tell her I am very anxious to be excused. . . . I'm really not at all hungry any more. . . . I shall not care for any of the dessert!"

These last words he shouted to Edgar, who was already on his way to the pool. He remembered the place from having seen the frogs going to it when they had looked so coldly upon Screech-Owl. As he came nearer he could hear a great croaking and trilling of large and small frogs. There were so many of them trying to talk at the same time that at first he thought they must be angry with one another. A big green bull-frog with a gavel in his hand was sitting on a stone in the pool, and seemed to be acting as president of the meeting. The others were grouped about him on lily-pads, tussocks and stones. All seemed very much excited. Edgar could understand very little they

said, but he could see that the secretary, who sat at the president's right hand, was busily engaged, like the poor frog at the dinner-table, looking through a book, only this book had the words "Rules of Order" on its cover. Wild-Cat was behind a tree, peeping slyly at the frogs, and laughing until the tears rolled down his face. He beckoned Edgar to join him behind the tree.

"I've pretty near died a-laughing," he said.

"At what?" asked Edgar.

"Don't you see?" he returned. "Here's a frog singing society. Three weeks trying to adjourn. Think they can't do it. I'm beginning to doubt if they ever will leave off."

"But why doesn't some one say, 'Mr. President, I move that we adjourn.' Then all can vote 'Aye,' and go home."

"Great idea!" said Wild-Cat. "But let's go down and see what they say about it."

So Edgar and Wild-Cat walked side by side down to the pond where the frogs sat croaking and bellowing like mad.

"I move that we reconsider——" shouted one. "I move that the rules be amended so as to——" interrupted another. And to every motion the president replied by rapping with the gavel and croaking "Out of order! Out of order!" And so it went on until Wild-Cat said to the secretary, "Tell this young gentleman what the trouble is here."

"We had better step aside out of this hubbub," said the secretary. "I declare, I'm so flustered that I really wonder what I should do if the meeting should pass anything important enough to be recorded. You want to know what the trouble is? Well, I'll tell you. I was over here at a dinner-party when the sergeant-at-arms—You know what a sergeant-at-arms is, don't you? Well, look it up under S in the dictionary—he came along with a summons—a summons is a paper that says you must come—and he took every one of us but one, whom we left to mind the table and dishes, and brought us over to the meeting. We were needed, he said, to make up a quorum. I suppose you know——"

"No," said Edgar, "I don't. What is a quorum?"

The frog looked helplessly at Wild-Cat, and said: "Please explain it to him. It's too simple for me to bother with."

"Go on," said Wild-Cat. "He'll understand before you get through."

"If he doesn't," said the frog, "he can look it up under Q. Well, it took ten members to make a quorum. When we all got here there were fifteen of us. The first question on which we voted was on amending By-Law XII, so as to make twenty members a quorum. This was passed, and from that time we were five members lacking of a quorum. From that time the president has ruled every motion lost, because he said it took twenty votes to carry anything. Every frog in

the meeting has made motions to adjourn, but we can't adjourn."

"But there must be some way——" began Edgar; but the secretary protested.

"Rule 21 says that no business can be done in the absence of a quorum. Now isn't adjourning 'business'?"

"If Wild-Cat would only tell a story about frogs, so as to make the thing really happen, you'd have a quorum in no time," said Edgar.

"Just the thing," said Wild-Cat. "Shall I recite the story of the plague of frogs that came upon Pharaoh?"

"Oh, no!" said Edgar. "We would have the ravine full of frogs! Please don't tell that, even if it is from the Bible. Tell about the frog that dove to the bottom of the spring and brought back the little princess's golden ball."

"That wouldn't be enough," said the secretary. "That's about only one frog, and one more wouldn't make up a quorum."

"Listen!" said Wild-Cat. "I will recite 'Frogs at School.'"

"Twenty froggies went to school,
Down beside a rushy pool."

As he said this twenty little frogs came hopping down to the waterside, and sure enough they had

"Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests all white and clean."

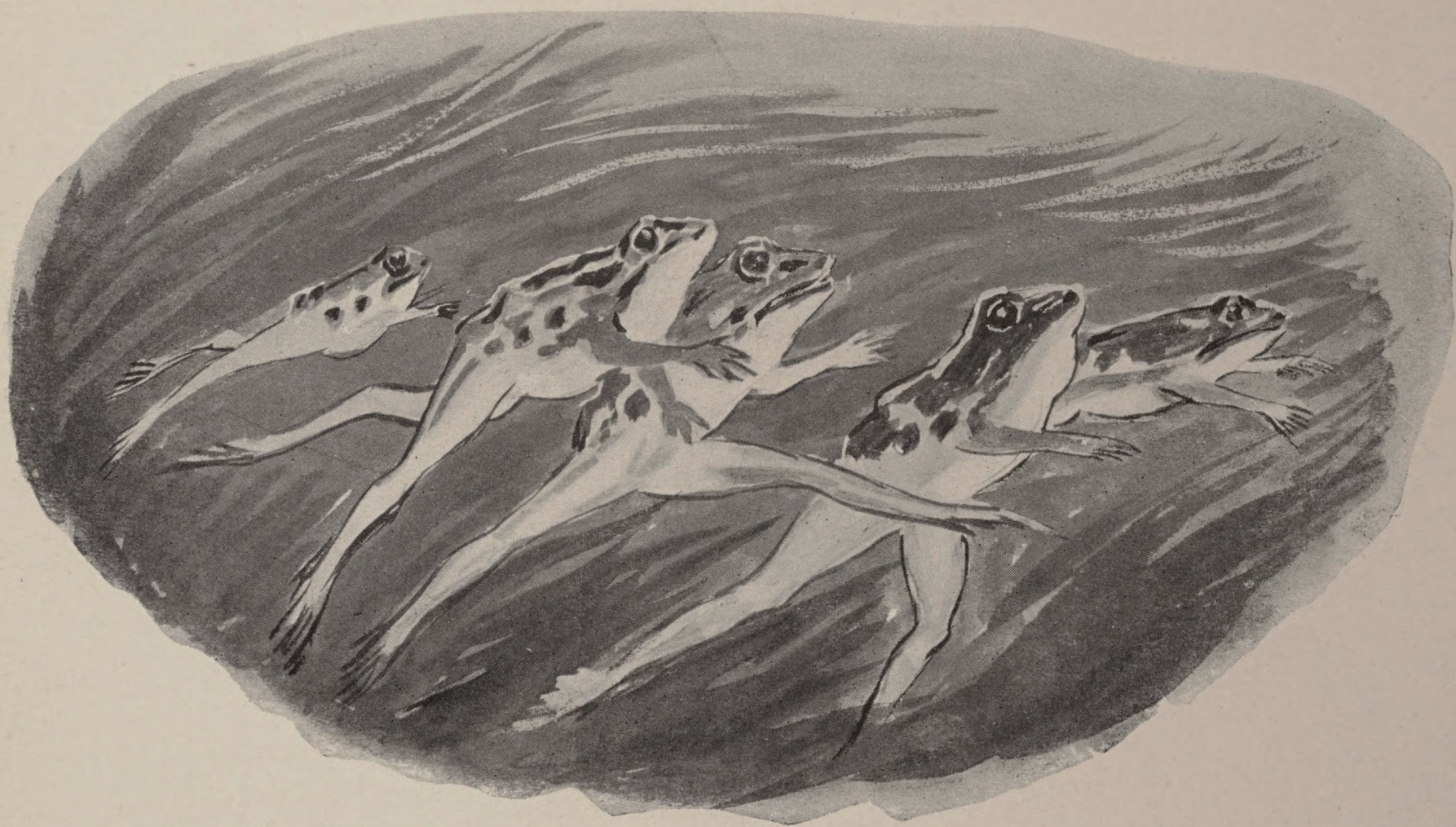
The secretary took his place. A big bull-frog who sang bass croaked out, "I move we adjourn."

"There is a quorum present," said the president. "As many of you as favor the motion say 'Aye!'"

"Aye!" shouted all the frogs.

"Contrary, 'No'!"

"No!" said Wild-Cat.



"THE MEETING DISPERSED."

"Carried!" said the president, and immediately the meeting dispersed. Edgar watched the secretary and the rest of the dinner party scampering back toward their table, and thought how pleased the poor lone frog there would feel to be excused from his three-weeks' feast.

The Three Wishes

CHAPTER XI.

THE THREE WISHES.

AFTER the frogs adjourned, Edgar sat down upon the bank of the pool and looked thoughtfully into the waters. The lily-pads stood like flat, green islands in a quiet ocean, and insects for islanders walked about upon them. On the opposite side was a bed of water-plants with broad, arrow-shaped leaves and tall flower-stems shaped, he thought, like pine trees. Off to the right was a bed of bulrushes, slender and tall and tasseled. Edgar wondered if the Pukwudjies used them for fishing rods. Then he thought what beautiful tall masts they would make for fairy ships.

A bright blue dragon-fly darted across the pool and settled upon the tip of the tallest bulrush. "See the snake-doctor!" said Edgar to his companions; but no one replied, and Edgar was not at all astonished to see, on looking around, that he was alone again. He had grown to expect such things. Wild-Cat, Screech-Owl, Drifting Goose, Meda, and all the rest seemed to go out of sight, and return like pictures on the screen of a magic lantern, silently and

quick as thought. The little boy was not at all lonely, for he felt that they were every one his friends, even Young



“THE SNAKE-DOCTOR POISED LIGHTLY ON THE TIP OF THE TALLEST BULRUSH.”

Fawn, who had been so angry with him at first, and he was

sure that some of them would be back presently. So he turned his eyes back to the pool, the lily-pad islands, the big arrow-head leaves with their tree-like blossom-stems, and the graceful bulrushes with the snake-doctor poised lightly on the tip of the tallest. At these things he looked in silent thought for a minute. Then he said to himself :

“ I'd have him for my pilot.”

Can you guess what Edgar had been thinking of? Try. Cover this page, repeat his words, “ I'd have him for my pilot,” imagine him sitting there on the bank, and remember the things at which he was looking. Some of you may be able to imagine something more interesting than Edgar's thoughts ; and if you do, write it down, head it “ Edgar's Thoughts as He Sat by the Pool,” send it to me, and I will put it into this story instead of what I think he thought, which is this :

The bulrush stood tall and slender, and again Edgar thought, “ What a beautiful mast it would make for a fairy ship !” Then he could almost see the hull of the ship, and the deck from which the bulrush sprang.

“ This would be my home port,” said he, “ and when I passed another vessel at sea, she would hail, “ Schooner, ahoy ! What schooner is that !” And I would answer, ‘ The *Cheemaun*, of Pukwudjie Ravine, Captain Edgar !’ ”

Then as he saw how firmly and lightly the snake-doctor stood poised on the bulrush tassel, how bright and keen he

looked, and how well he could see the rocks and shores from that high perch, he said, "I'd have him for my pilot!" Then he leaned back against the bank, thinking of sailing far out over the sparkling waters.

"I wish I had such a ship!" said he. Now there was a part of the pool which was out of sight behind the bulrush-bed, so that children sitting where Edgar sat could play that over there, in the little hidden bay, the water spread out wider and wider into a broad blue ocean. It was of this play-ocean that Edgar was thinking when he wished for the ship; and at once he began to believe that there was a sea there with sails upon it. He had resolved that he would change his resting-place so that he might see the whole pool, and know whether the play-ocean had become a real one, when he saw a very tall bulrush moving and nodding above the others. It glided nearer and nearer to the end of the bulrush-bed, just as if it were floating in on the waters of the hidden bay, and at last, out from behind the rushes, came a vessel with her sails spread and her crew handily working her into port. She rounded to the pool in front of him, and came gently to anchor at his very feet. The sails were furled, and Drifting Goose, Meda and Wild-Cat stepped ashore, saluted Edgar, and Drifting Goose said: "The *Cheemaun* and her crew have the honor to report for duty."



“OUT FROM BEHIND THE RUSHES CAME A VESSEL.”

“He means, you know,” said Wild-Cat, “that we’re here, at your service.”

“What a beautiful boat!” exclaimed Edgar.

It looked somewhat like a great lady’s-slipper blossom, with pink and purple veins and mottles. There were two tall masts of bulrushes growing out of the deck, and all the things which are expected on shipboard to be made of ropes were of living vines of morning-glory and moon-vine. White and blue and pink blossoms covered the railings, and looked down open-eyed from the rigging. The stem of the lady’s-slipper blossom ran up forward into a bowsprit and jibboom festooned with living smilax, and one of the long brown-veined sepals of the calyx spread out into a wonderful fringed awning over the forward deck. The sails were great white petals like those of the water-lily, and seemed to grow naturally out from the foot of each mast. When the vessel was coming into port, they were spread out, white and glistening, and held in place by shining webs of gossamer; but when they were furled the webs were loosened by the crew, and the sails rolled themselves up as flowers do in sleep. As she touched the bank a little gust of wind came ashore, filled with the scent of all the blossoms making up the boat, and loaded the air with fragrance. The snake-doctor took his station on the top of the mainmast. Drifting Goose, Meda and Wild-Cat stood

respectfully by Edgar on the green bank, while the vessel's crew of Pukwudjies sat and stood in groups on the deck.

"What a lovely boat!" said Edgar again. "Surely, surely, it can't be for me?"

"The Paleface Giant from the Tepee-with-Corners has smoked the pipe of peace."

"Not quite that," said Edgar. "I only breathed the smoke in the tepee."

"It's the same thing," said Wild-Cat. "Don't interrupt the chief, please."

"The hatchet lies buried so deep," Drifting Goose went on, "that neither our children nor our children's children can ever dig it up——"

"Fact is, the miserable thing's lost," said Wild-Cat.

"So long as the moon and stars shall shine, the Pale-face Giant and the Pukwudjies shall be at peace," continued Drifting Goose. "So long as the sun in his course shall pass from the forests of the east to the mountains of the west——"

"Of course, you understand," said Meda, "that the sun does not now, and never did, rise in the forest or set behind the mountains. It only seems to do so. You know how it is in the geography, don't you? "Q. What causes the succession of day and night?" "A. The succession of day and night is caused by the daily revolution of the earth on its axis.' I have invented a chart which explains this, and makes it so plain——"

"The-Wise-One-with-the-Mud-on-His-Eyebrow and Wild-Cat have tongues which pry their jaws apart. Met-a-kon-agon-tu-la-kang-tug-koosh has spoken!"

Drifting Goose said this very sternly, and folding his arms, stood still, seemingly much offended at being so often interrupted.

"Beg pardon," said Wild-Cat. "Go on, go on, Drifting Goose."

But the Chief only said "Ugh!" and stood in silence.

"Now," said Meda to Edgar, "about this boat. As Drifting Goose has so well said, the Pukwudjies are your friends, and feel like treating you as well as fairies ever treat any one. At a meeting of the Ravine Council we decided that we should like to do you some favor, and Young Fawn thought it would be very nice to grant you three wishes. She says that seven-league boots, cloaks of invisibility, and such things, may not be worn much next year, but three wishes are always in style. So we were appointed a committee to notify you of our decision. While we were on the way, your wish for a ship came in, and here's the ship. We beg you to accept her with our compliments, and wish you a pleasant cruise."

"Well, I declare this is queer!" thought Edgar. "Here I have three wishes, and one of them spent on a ship before I knew I had 'em! But if I had known all about it, what is there more to be wished for than this boat? I must be

all the more careful about the other two, that's all." Then he said aloud: "You are all very, very kind to me, and I shall never forget to be grateful, I——"

But his friends were gone.

"I think they must object to my thanking them," he thought; "but they knew when I wished for a ship, and I hope they'll understand how thankful I am for it, even if they won't stay to hear me tell it. I couldn't begin to tell, anyhow. That is, I never could *finish* telling. I know that no boy ever had such a boat in all the world. I'll go aboard, I think, and look her over."

So he stepped from the bank over the trailing morning-glory vines and stood on the deck of his own fairy ship.

At Sea in a Lady's-Slipper Blossom

CHAPTER XII.

AT SEA IN A LADY'S-SLIPPER BLOSSOM.

THE deck was of a bright green color, and so clean that it seemed a pity to walk upon it. There was a rib running from prow to stern along its middle, and others slanting off from it to the sides; and after a minute he saw that the deck was a great green leaf, upon which the crew moved about as silently as if upon a velvet carpet. There was a companion-way, dark like the tube of a flower—a golden and pearly darkness.

“I shall go below, after a while,” said Edgar. “The cabin must be beautiful. But just now I must see about making sail.”

A little Pukwudjie, who seemed to be giving orders, stepped out, saluted and said:

“Have you any orders, sir? Shall we weigh anchor?”

“Yes,” said Edgar, “you may take her around the bul-rush bed, and then out to sea, until I tell you to stop. Why, is this you, Leaping Mouse?”

“Ay, ay, sir,” said Leaping Mouse, who seemed to be the sailing-master, or lieutenant, or mate, or something of

the sort, and immediately the vine tendrils which had clasped the bulrushes on shore cast off their moorings, the sails unfolded, the vessel moved slowly about, and in a few moments passed the point of the bulrush bed and rounded into the hidden bay.

Edgar stood under the awning, his heart beating fast with excitement as his vessel passed the point and the bay came into view. He clapped his hands with delight. It was no longer the little hidden bay, with its marshy bank, a home for frogs and water-bugs. There has no longer any farther bank in sight. The water ran right out between the green hills and beyond, then widened into a blue sea. Great white birds sailed about over it and white-capped waves chased one another as far as the eye could see. The little schooner passed between the hills, out of the quiet bay, and caught the breeze of the open sea. As her sails filled she heeled over until her green deck sloped downward nearly to the foam under her lee, and she skimmed the waves like a bird, almost flying away into the unknown sea—away from the Pukwudjie ravine, out where there was nothing but water and sky, and the *Cheemaun* and the birds sailing between them.

At first he could not help wondering whether it would be quite safe to be out so far in a lady's-slipper blossom. What if he should run upon a rock? Could those thin sides withstand the shocks of the waves even? A little

uneasy about this, he cast his eye aloft and smiled to see the snake-doctor sitting lightly on the tip of the mast, his round eyes bulging with watchfulness.

Edgar walked forward and saw that, while the sails were swelled by the fresh breeze which shot the vessel along like an arrow, there were no high waves, only here and there a white-capped swell, over which the *Cheemaun* glided like a foam-flake, rising and falling as she went, gently as a hammock swung under the shade of some green tree. He went astern to look back at the shore. It had vanished. As far as he could see, on every side, the blue waves, dancing in the sunlight, stretched out, unbroken by rock, or island, or coast.

His crew seemed to be busy about the working of the vessel, but always when he went to any part of the schooner he found himself alone. The Pukwudjies never ran away from him; they just appeared somewhere else. Only Leaping Mouse came near him.

"I suppose those are flying fish," said Edgar, as what seemed a flock of white birds darted out of the water near the vessel, and, after sailing through the air, dived into the sea again.

"Yes," said Leaping Mouse, "they're playing tag with the dolphins."

"It can't be wood-tag, for there isn't a bit of wood in the sea, except pieces of wrecks, and they float about so that

a fellow couldn't stand on one for a minute. And it can't be cross-tag, because the dolphins and flying fish have no fingers to cross. How do they play it?" said Edgar.

"No," said Leaping Mouse, "it couldn't be wood-tag, and it isn't cross-tag, and it really is not good-natured tag. It's like this: the dolphins are always It. If a flying fish gets caught before he leaves the water, he is eaten as a sort of forfeit. If the dolphin doesn't catch the flying fish, he goes hungry until the next game. It's said to be very exciting."

Just then a school of fish came shooting out of the water close by the vessel's side. Some of them sailed clear over her, and one flew against the mast and dropped down on the deck at the feet of Edgar and Leaping Mouse.

"He pretty nearly got me that time," said Flying Fish. "I thought I was gone!"

"Well," said Edgar, "I think it's very foolish of you to play such a dangerous game! Why don't you say you won't play?"

"I never thought of that," said Flying Fish. "Out here in the sea we can't very well refuse to play, you know. Nobody ever heard of such a thing before, I'm sure. People would talk if we refused to play. And then the dolphins are so playful! It would make no end of hard feelings if we were to do that. No, we shall have to go on with the game, I think. I don't believe they'll ever come

so near catching me again, anyhow. But they came very, very near getting me that time !”

“ I suppose we'd better put you back into the sea. You're getting all dried so that you won't be able to swim, and then you'll surely be caught. But can't you say 'King's ex' until you get soaked up again ?”

“ King's ex? King's ex? I never heard of that, I'm sure. Does saying King's ex' make your fins soak up quicker, or—or, what?” asked Flying Fish.

“ Don't you know about that ?” said Edgar, loftily. “ If you don't, you'll find it a good thing to know.

When you lose your hat, or when your shoe comes untied, or anything like that, and the one that's It is after you, you can say 'King's ex' or 'King's excuse,' and he can't get you any more. Do you understand ?”

“ But why can't he ?” asked Flying Fish, doubtfully.

“ Because he can't,” said Edgar. “ Because it wouldn't be fair, and it wouldn't count if he did, after you said 'King's ex.'”

“ Oh, it wouldn't, wouldn't it ! It's so nice to know that



“ CROSS-TAG,”

if I get overcome by too much fresh air some time, and a dolphin is catching me, I can say 'King's ex,' and if he eats me after that it 'won't count!' Put me back into the water, please,—I'm getting as dry as a parson."

Flying Fish had become very sarcastic with the captain of the *Cheemaun*, and Edgar felt that he had made a mistake by making his suggestion. So as he picked Flying Fish up to drop him over the side, he said: "It doesn't seem as if the dolphins would be so unfair as to catch you after you said it. Do you think they would?"

"I'm just a little afraid they would. If you can get the dolphins to agree to it, we'll all be very much obliged to you. Good-bye, and thank you for your help."

"Good-bye," said Edgar; and after looking carefully to see that no dolphins were near, he tossed Flying Fish into the sea.

"What an odd game!" said Edgar. "It seems as if it ought to be stopped somehow, doesn't it, Leaping Mouse? I hope he'll get soaked up all right."

And the dolphins and flying fish went on with their game of tag, just as they had done for ages, the dolphins always It, the flying fish always chased, and no King's excuse or any other excuse to stop it.

* * * * *

"What are your further wishes, sir?" said Leaping Mouse.

“I can’t make up my mind,” said Edgar; “or at least I haven’t made it up yet. I used up one of my three on the ship, and I must be very careful what I wish for with the other two. I believe I’ll go below, where there isn’t so much to disturb me, and think it over.”

Down the Companion-way

CHAPTER XIII.

DOWN THE COMPANION-WAY.

GOING down the companion-way Edgar felt like a bee on a journey to the bottom of a deep flower-tube. "If I only had a rapier for a sting, and a yellow and black suit of clothes, I could pass for a giant bumble-bee," thought he. "I wish——, There! I came very near wishing for those foolish things, and using up another wish by it! If I'm not more careful I shall make as big a goose of myself as the man who wished the black pudding in his wife's nose."

The companion-way grew narrower and darker. Edgar was obliged at last to feel his way forward by putting out his hands to touch the sides. He could see nothing. The passage grew more level, but wound from side to side, and at last he could no longer touch the walls, and seemed to be walking upon a thick carpet of grass. A cool night wind blew upon his face, and he heard about him sounds like the whispering of leaves and the rustling of small animals and birds in the bush. Looking up, he saw the stars winking down at him between the dark tree-tops.

"If I didn't know that I am somewhere in the cabin of my

ship, I should feel certain that I am lost in a forest," said he to himself.

Just then he heard a frog croaking somewhere near in the darkness, and a whippoorwill called from a tree far away.

"I am in a forest!" he thought. "How shall I ever get back on deck again? And where am I, anyhow? I shouldn't wonder a bit if I turn up somewhere in the jungles of Asia, or Africa, or South America. Maybe the next thing I meet will be a lion, or a tiger, or a cobra, or a hoop-snake, and then I shall have to use up my wishes in getting back home. But I'll try saying 'King's ex' to him first, whatever he is, unless it should happen to be a cobra or an hyena. I shouldn't dare try it with one of *them*. I don't believe either of them knows what it is to play fair. And I am a *little* afraid something will reach down from the top of a tree, or around from behind something, and grab me before I can say 'King's ex.' What's that?"

It was a fearful scream, which came from somewhere in the woods.

"I'm scared!" said Edgar to the trees. "Whatever I do, I mustn't scream back," he thought, "for it might be a panther, trying to fool me."

He had learned a story about some great-great-grandmother of his who lived in the forest, right where a big city now is. One evening she went out to pick up chips



“ TWO FIERY EYEBALLS APPEARED IN THE DARKNESS.”

for her fire. She heard a scream in the forest, and, thinking it was the voice of some woman lost in the wood, she answered. It called again, and again she answered. The third time she heard it, but this time the scream was so much wilder, fiercer, and nearer than before that she became frightened and ran into her log cabin, where she shut herself in and fastened the door. Then she went to the window and, peeking out, saw a great brown panther leap into the clearing by the door, where he stood glaring and lashing his tail. Now this panther story is true, if anything in this book is true; and now you know why Edgar felt it wise not to answer any wild screams which he might hear coming from the jungle. To be sure, you may say, no one had asked him to answer; but when you find yourself suddenly walking through the companion-way of a fairy ship into the midst of a strange and dark forest, do you suppose you will wait until some one suggests something imprudent before you begin to be cautious?

So Edgar stood quite still, waiting for another scream. Soon he heard it, and it was as much nearer and fiercer as it could have been if he had answered it a dozen times. In fact it came from the thicket right by his side. He started to wish for a log cabin to run into, but stopped just in time to save his wish. Then two fiery eyeballs appeared in the darkness in front of him, and just as he was about to wish himself at home again he heard the familiar voice of

his friend Wild-Cat saying "Hello! Glad to see you again. Had another attack of insomnia, and am just getting back from a little walk among the rabbit-paths. Feel a good deal better now. Going back to my hermit's cave. There I'll lie down and think over my life when I was bad, and I *may* do a little weeping. I feel enough like it, I'm sure. Glad to have you come home with me."

"Thank you," said Edgar, "I shall be glad of the shelter. Were those your screams I heard?"

"Well, I was practising a few screams; did you hear them?"

"They almost scared me to death," said Edgar. "I thought I was in a jungle somewhere, and that it was some wild beast coming to devour me. Are we in the Pukwudjie ravine again?"

"I'm not here again, for I haven't been away," answered Wild-Cat. "My cave is right over here by Meda's medicine lodge."

They came into the light of a camp fire which was burning in front of a lodge made of bark and skins. Meda, Drifting Goose, and Young Fawn sat by the fire in the midst of a group of Pukwudjies. Screech-Owl sat blinking on a stump near by. Drifting Goose gravely shook Edgar's hand and said: "The great and strong Chief of the Pale-faces and commander of all war canoes is welcome to a seat at the council fire of the Pukwudjies."

Then all the little squaws and papposes stepped back from the fire, and the warriors, including Edgar, Meda and Wild-Cat, sat down in the ring. A pipe was lighted by Young Fawn and handed to Meda, who took the first whiff from it and passed it to Drifting Goose, from whom it passed to every one in the council. It came to Edgar last, and he was glad that it was all burned out before it reached him. But he put it to his lips as the others had done and handed it back to Young Fawn, who was waiting for it. Then they all sat silent for a long time. The only sound was the crackling of the fire and the snoring of Wild-Cat.

At last Drifting Goose said : "Our paleface brother has been to the ends of Gitche-Gumee, the Big Sea Water. The council of the Pukwudjies open their ears to the tale of his great deeds." Then they all were silent as before, except that Wild-Cat woke and kept nudging Edgar as they sat side by side in the circle of little copper-colored warriors.

"Speech, speech, you know," he whispered. "That's what they want. Tell 'em about your voyage."

"There isn't much to tell," said Edgar to the council. "I didn't get to the end of the water. I sailed until I wanted to go below and when I went down the companion-way it wound about and came out in the ravine here."

"Very good," said the chief, "very good."

"But I had the most beautiful ship in the world, and I wish—that is I am very sorry to lose her. But maybe I'll

find her again some time without using up another wish on her. I've got two left, you know."

"Wishes or ships?" asked Meda.

"Two wishes left."

"Very good, very good," said the chief.

"I saw the sunlight on the waves and a great many beautiful white birds."

"Did any of them look like that?" asked Meda, handing Edgar something which he took from his pouch.

It was half of the hoof of a buffalo or an elk, and on it was carved a figure something like this :



"THE THUNDER-BIRD."

"No," said Edgar, looking carefully at the carving; "none of them looked like that. What is it?"

"It is a great Thunder-Bird of the Indian," said Meda. Then they were all silent again for a long time. At last Wild-Cat nudged Edgar, and he went on with his story of his voyage.

"I saw a great many flying fish——"

"Very good, very good," said Drifting Goose. "We must make a record of it," and he handed a memory stick to one of the little warriors.

"They were playing tag with the dolphins, you know," Edgar went on, "and if they get caught they are eaten. I don't think it's very nice for one fish to eat another, or even to chase after other fish so as to make them fly out of the water. I think the dolphins are mean!"

"As a matter of fact," said Meda, "they are not really dolphins. They are——Well, you will remember it better if you look it up for yourself. It begins with a C. And dolphins are not really fishes either. Look up the matter in the dictionary and you'll not forget their real name. It begins with a C too. And the flying fish do not really fly; they merely make a long sailing leap through the air——"

"And *that* both begins and ends with a sea," said Wild-Cat. "You can remember that without looking it up."

"It is mean for them to do so," said Young Fawn. "But Wild-Cat eats rabbits, you know, and Screech-Owl mice."

"And you can't believe how silly they act when you catch them," said Screech-Owl. "They squeal in the most absurd

manner! Just as if that could do any good. I know some verses about it. I should think some one would ask me to recite them. Here they are :

WHAT THE THUNDER-BIRD SAYS.

“ The Thunder-Bird sits in his hole in the tree,
That the world hangs upon like a nut,
And he lays down the law
Moving slowly his claw,
‘It is well to be merciful ; *but*
A mouse should not squeak
At the pinch of a Beak
Which he knows must in reason be shut,
Or the Owl’s meat be let go uncut,
Uncut !
Or the Owl’s meat be swallowed uncut ! ’ ”

“ Well, if that Owl’s going to take part in the debate, I beg to be excused,” said Wild-Cat.

“ The council stands adjourned,” said Meda.

“ Come along to the cave,” said Wild-Cat to Edgar.

“ I’ll go, too,” said Meda ; and the three bade the chief and Young Fawn good evening, and walked away together.

In the Medicine-Lodge

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE MEDICINE-LODGE.

“HERE’S the lodge,” said Wild-Cat—“Meda’s Medicine-Lodge, you know.”



“MEDA’S MEDICINE-LODGE.”

It was a lodge made of a tall, straight pole, with other poles leaning up against it and covered with skins. It was so much larger than the Pukwudjie tepees that it seemed to Edgar quite a sizable building.

"How do you get into it?" asked he.

"You don't," replied Wild-Cat.

"Doesn't some one?"

"M'hm ; Meda does. But if you were to go in there (if you knew the way in), there's no telling what would become of you. You'd probably turn into a woodpecker, and have to go about prying into things always afterwards. Or something like a live steel-trap might grab you by the leg and drag you back under the hill. Or a giant spider might come out of its den and glare holes through you with its awful eyes. Or you might walk through something you took for a door and find yourself in a wolf's mouth. Or you might be chased by a hoop-snake, rolling and rolling and rolling after you, ready to let its thorn-tail slip out of its mouth to dart into you when it got close enough"—

"Stop, stop!" cried Edgar. "You might make all these dreadful things happen!"

"Not using volts enough of mind power," said Wild-Cat. "And, remember, I say these things might happen to you. And then again they mightn't."

"Why does he call it a medicine-lodge?"

"Because that's what it is," said Wild-Cat. "Makes his

medicine there, you understand—good medicine and bad medicine, and this, that and the other. I'm so sleepy I can scarcely see, let alone explain things. But you understand, don't you?"

"We-e-e-ll," said Edgar, "I think I do, a little. But here's Meda himself. I'll ask him. Wouldn't it be better for you to lie down for a while?"

"M'hm," said Wild-Cat, yawning; and before Meda came he was sound asleep.

"He's sleeping off his insomnia again—or sleeping it on. Do you think it is right to say off or on?" Edgar asked of Meda.



"DRESSED TO 'MAKE MEDICINE.'"

"Perfectly correct," said Meda, "if it is true. Sometimes I say off and sometimes on. If I want a thing off I say it off, and if I want it on I say it on. It's the only thing to do."

It was plain that Meda did not understand Edgar's question; and as for Meda's reply, Edgar could make neither head nor tail of it. He thought hard upon it for a long

time, during which the Professor leaned against a tree and smoked. At last the child, looking down at the Pukwudjie, said: "I'm only a little boy, you know, and I don't understand just what you mean by saying things on and off. Would you kindly explain it to me?"

Meda put one forefinger on the other and said: "As for your being only a little boy, that's absurd, and we won't discuss it until you can show how a little boy can be twice as tall as a grown person, which you certainly are."

Then on his second finger he said: "So far as saying things on and off goes, why you began it yourself."

On his third finger he said: "As to explaining it, I don't mind showing you how I do it, if you'll come into the medicine-lodge."

"I have heard that there were live steel-traps, and awful-eyed spiders, and hoop-snakes in there. Wild-Cat said——"

"That they might be in there," said Wild-Cat, as if talking in his sleep.

"Not in a lodge of mine," said Meda. "The idea!"

"But how do you get in?" asked Edgar.

"There are two ways," said Meda. "The first way is to go up this tree until you reach the hollow under the third big limb. Crawl into the hollow, being careful not to disturb the swallows' nests. Climb down inside the tree until you get to the root, and follow the big hollow root until you

come to some coals of fire and ashes in the fireplace of the lodge. Hop over the coals, and there you are."

"I see ; you use the hollow tree for a chimney. The hole isn't very big. I'm sure I couldn't get into it."

"Then you can use the second way," said Meda. "That is by way of the door on the other side of the lodge. I go in that way myself. But I have my pupils use the hollow tree. It's an excellent training for them. None of them have ever got into the lodge, but you would be pleased to see them climb ! Come with me."

Sure enough, there was a flap of skins on the other side, which Meda lifted up, and he and Edgar stepped into the lodge. It was dark as pitch inside until the Professor twitched a spider's web, and at once thousands of twinkling lights flashed out. At first Edgar thought they were some odd kind of electric lights, but on looking closer he saw that they were fireflies. There were so many of them that there was no moment of time when hundreds of them were not alight, so that they gave the prettiest display imaginable and made the lodge fairly light.

"My own lighting system," said Meda. "Tamed the fireflies myself and put in the cobweb connections."

"It's very pretty," said Edgar.

Meda threw some bark on the coals in the fireplace. The smoke went out by the hollow root and the blaze lighted up the lodge so that the fireflies were no longer

needed. Meda gave the cobweb another twitch and his queer lighting system stopped work.

Edgar and the medicine-man sat on the ground, and while Meda smoked, Edgar looked about the lodge. It was a queer place. The skins were all brightly colored on the inside, with pictures of suns and moons, bows and arrows, animals and birds. There was a bearskin with a great thunder-bird in red hanging over the fireplace.

After what Wild-Cat had said about this being the place where Meda "made medicine," he had expected to see it fitted up like a druggist's shop. But there was nothing to be seen in the way of bottles or mortars or flasks. There was a gourd filled with mud hanging on the center-pole, and that seemed to be all the furniture. Meda picked the dried mud from his eyebrow, took a fresh lump from the gourd and, after moulding it between his fingers, stuck it on his eyebrow in place of the one thrown away.

"Mud, O Paleface Giant," said he, "is of the earth from which all things get their bodies. This mud is strong, good medicine. It is made from the nest of the wasp, the dust dug by the ant, and the home of the swallow. It is wet by the dew. The wasp is a brave warrior. The ant is wise and diligent. The swallow is swift as the wind. This mud on the brow of the wise one of the Pukwudjies makes his mind diligent and wise as the ant, swift as the swallow, brave as the wasp and pure as the dew. Meda has spoken."



“EDGAR AND THE MEDICINE-MAN SAT ON THE GROUND.”

As he paused he handed Edgar a memory stick, which he took and put into his pocket. They sat for a long time, Meda smoking, Edgar gazing into the fire.

"I didn't understand that mud business before. It's very interesting," said the Paleface Giant.

"Ugh!" said Meda, and smoked on.

"Medicine," said Edgar, after a while, "in my country is something we take when we are sick. When you take it in capsules or tablets it isn't so bitter, but most of it tastes just dreadful. You don't make that kind of medicine do you?"

"No, O Paleface——"

"I thought at first that you did."

"No, O Paleface," Meda went on, "the medicine of the Indian is made of words and thoughts, of the Thunder-Bird and the Winds. When the Pukwudjies go forth on the warpath the Wise-One-With-the-Mud-on-His-Brow says strong words in the lodge, and the Pukwudjies win the battle. That is medicine. When the snow covers the ground so that the birds cannot feed, the medicine-words of Meda take it away, and they bring snow for tracking quail in the winter."

"Oh! I see now," said Edgar; "that's what you mean by saying things on and saying things off."

"You have said it," said Meda, and for a long time they sat silently by the fire. Edgar was thinking.

The Last Wishes

CHAPTER XV.

THE LAST WISHES.

"AFTER all," said Edgar, "it seems that medicine can be something which isn't taken and doesn't cure any one."

"Well," said Meda, "you don't take it, you *make* it. But it cures people all the same."

"I don't see how it can," said Edgar; "you can't see it, nor taste it, nor feel it. It seems to be something like thinking or magic, you know; then how can it cure people?"

"I don't explain that to my pupils until they finish the work of the senior 548th grade. Are you ready for such advanced work?"

"I've been through long division, and I can bound all the New England States, and——"

"Oh, well, you'll find the work easy then," said Meda. "In the first place, when do people need curing? When they are sick, of course. What makes them sick?"

"Colds and fevers and measles and mumps, and such things," answered Edgar.

"Not a bit of it," replied Meda. "You won't get marked very high on that answer. Germs make people sick—germs

in the blood—microbes, you know. They make you ill. They're little imps that swim about in the blood, and mump and measles and things like that, and make the owner of the blood sick."

"What do the whooping-cough germs do?—whoop, or——"

"Never mind that now. That comes twenty-three lessons further on. Now, when a person is sick, how does he get well? By the killing off of the germs. What kills them off? The corpuscles in the blood. Do you know what a blood corpuscle is?"

"Of course I do," said Edgar. "It's a little round red thing that swims in the blood."

"Oh, I don't mean those common red corpuscles," said Meda; "I mean the white ones, the leucocytes. Whenever any germs get into the blood, the white corpuscles make up a war party and destroy the microbes. As long as their work isn't too hard you keep well. But when too many or too big germs get in, the leucocytes get behind in their work and you get sick. Then the white corpuscles must be encouraged, and the way to encourage them is to talk to them. Why I can talk to your corpuscles so that they will go out and drag down and eat up the biggest germ that ever left Germany."

"Germs don't come from Germany, do they?" said Edgar.

"Well, if they don't, why do they go by that name?" re-

joined Meda. "I don't know where they come from, if they don't come from Germany. But it's just like the odious creatures to give assumed names. Anyhow, I prefer not to be interrupted."



"RECITING 'THE CORPUSCLE'S WAR-CRY.'"

"Now, suppose you come to me and complain of teething or appendicitis," Meda went on, "I shouldn't operate on you or give you anything but ideas. I should just recite the 'Battle Song of the Leucocytes' or 'The Corpuscle's War-Cry,' and pretty soon your white corpuscles would get so puffed up with pride and so swollen with bravery that

they would just go out and surround the germs and destroy them. I just wish you had smallpox or something now ; I should like to show you."

"I am much obliged," said Edgar, "but I think I should rather remain well. But could you tell me the things you repeat to cure people?"

"One of them begins :

"I'm a corpuscle pale,
And I camp on the trail
Of the microbe that lurks in the veins;
I jump on his frame
When he tries to inflame
And to pester the system with pains.

"There is a good deal more of it, but that's all I can give in one lesson. Another one is :

"Onward, White Corpuscle,
Seize the hated germ !
Shrink not from the tussle,
Be thou bold and firm !

"Why, by this time your leucocytes are ranging up and down your arteries, just aching for a battle. Don't ever think again that my medicine doesn't cure. I sometimes wish the Pukwudjies were not fairies, so that they might be ill sometimes. As it is, I don't know whether I shall ever have a patient."

Several Pukwudjies came silently in at the door, as Edgar sat pondering on the leucocytes and their wars with the germs. Some of them spread skins on the ground before the fire, and soon all Edgar's ravine acquaintances, except the papposes, were seated in a semi-circle, silent and looking as if they were pondering too. The frogs were there, looking coldly at Screech-Owl. Presently the Secretary opened his "Rules of Order" and began turning the leaves over as if looking for his place.

"Do the germs ever eat one another up?" asked Edgar.

"You can make 'em do it if you turn on volts enough," said Wild-Cat. "I'm sure I could if I wanted to bother myself with it."

"That would save the corpuscles all their work," said Edgar; and after a pause he went on: "Now, after I had the measles, they told me I'd never catch it again. I wonder why that is?"

"The answer is easy," said Meda; "your leucocytes have learned how to dispose of the measles germs. Practice makes perfect. Your corpuscles know just how to get the strangle-hold on them, because they have had the experience. Now rheumatism germs are tougher. The corpuscles don't seem to be able to learn how to handle them."

"But, after all," said Wild-Cat, "I believe insomnia germs are the worst."

"I know a boy who had typhoid-pneumonia," said Edgar.

Do you suppose the germs were half-breed typhoid and pneumonia, or what could they have been ? ”

“ They certainly must have been half-breeds,” said Meda.

“ I differ with you. The typhoid germs must have met the pneumonia microbes and made a treaty. Then they joined their two war parties and went about through the blood, making trouble. The doctors called the trouble typhoid-pneumonia, just as people called the war between the Boers and English the Anglo-Boer War,” said Wild-Cat.

“ You are certainly mistaken,” said Meda. “ The English and Boers were on opposite sides, so *that* doesn’t prove anything.”

“ Well, the typhoid-pneumonia was on opposite sides, too, wasn’t it, now ? ” said Wild-Cat, appealing to Edgar.

“ Yes, it certainly was on both sides,” Edgar replied. “ But one of our neighbors was ill last winter with a ‘ complication of diseases,’ as the doctor called it. Was that caused by a lot of war parties of different kinds of germs getting together and agreeing to do things, or—or what ? ”

“ I move that the question be indefinitely postponed,” said the frog with the book of rules.

“ I second the motion,” said Screech-Owl.

“ All who are not able to answer vote ‘ Aye,’ ” said Drifting Goose ; and every one said “ Aye ! ” “ Those opposed say ‘ No,’ ” the chief went on. Nobody voted. “ The ayes have it, and the motion prevails ! ”

Wild-Cat looked relieved, but Meda smoothed the mud on his eyebrow and was as calm as ever.

"Have you used up your three wishes yet?" asked Young Fawn of Edgar.

"I used one of them before I knew about them," said Edgar, "but the boat I got was worth it. I have two wishes yet. I'm glad I got the boat; for two wishes are plenty, after all, and I think the boat was the most beautiful one ever seen. I like boats so much that I make them every day at home. I've built an armored cruiser that I wish I had here, so I could show it to you. Why, what's the matter with the lodge!"

No wonder Edgar was astonished; for while he was talking the lodge suddenly changed into a little square room wainscoted in red wood and lighted by a cluster of electric lights. He ran out of the door into a long passage which brought him to a stair, up which he climbed and came out upon the deck of a great ship. There were big guns peering out of their turrets. He could feel the throb of the engines and machinery. An immense searchlight threw a bright beam over the waves as the cruiser rushed through the water, and through the smoke from the stacks he could see military masts with fighting-tops bristling with machine-guns.

The Pukwudjies, with all the creatures who were in the lodge, came on deck. Screech-Owl with a quivering cry flapped away into the darkness. The Secretary, after

looking in the "Rules of Order," hopped over the side. All the other frogs followed his example.

"Thank you very much," said Young Fawn.

"I don't understand it at all!" cried Edgar. "How do we happen to be on this warship away off here on the ocean?"

"Did not the Great Chief of the Palefaces wish for it?" said Drifting Goose.

"Oh, what a foolish boy I am!" said Edgar. "Now I have only one wish left. How shall I get home without using it up? What shall I do!"

He sat down on a stool and wept.

"See the one-eyed cats coming," said Wild-Cat.

Edgar looked and saw many searchlights, like gleaming eyes, coming toward him over the ocean.

"Those are not cats; they are searchlights, like ours," said Edgar.

"O Commander of Canoes," said Drifting Goose, "it is a war-party of great ships. We shall have a battle. Give your orders and we will obey."

"But I don't know what orders to give! I don't know how to work the guns!" cried Edgar. "I wish I had some more wishes! I wish——"

"King's ex! King's ex!" said all the Pukwudjies together.

"That isn't fair," said Meda; "no fairy would ever dare

grant even *one* wish if that were allowed. You can't wish for more wishes—it's a thing that's *never* done."

"But that's no reason why it shouldn't be done," answered Edgar, forgetting for a moment about the battle. "It seems to me that it's the only thing to do; but if it isn't fair, I suppose I shall have to get along without it. Oh, see! They're opening fire!"

Boom! bang! came the voice of the cannon-shots. All the searchlights were pointed at the ship and the projectiles went smashing through the rigging. A great shell came directly at Meda, who, instead of getting out of the way of it, clasped it with his legs and arms and sailed away.

"Good-bye!" said Drifting Goose.

"Good-bye!" said Edgar, as a solid shot struck one of the turrets. "I have had a very pleasant time in the ravine. Please come to see me again."

"Honk! honk!" was the reply, and Edgar looked for the great chief of the Pukwudjies, only to see a great wild gander and goose rise from the deck and go honking off into the darkness. No one but Edgar and Wild-Cat was left upon the cruiser.

"You can steer," said Edgar; "take the wheel and steer away from all this shooting!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" said Wild-Cat. "Yeow-w-w!" and screaming like a panther, he turned the cruiser, first one way and then another, but always the glaring searchlights

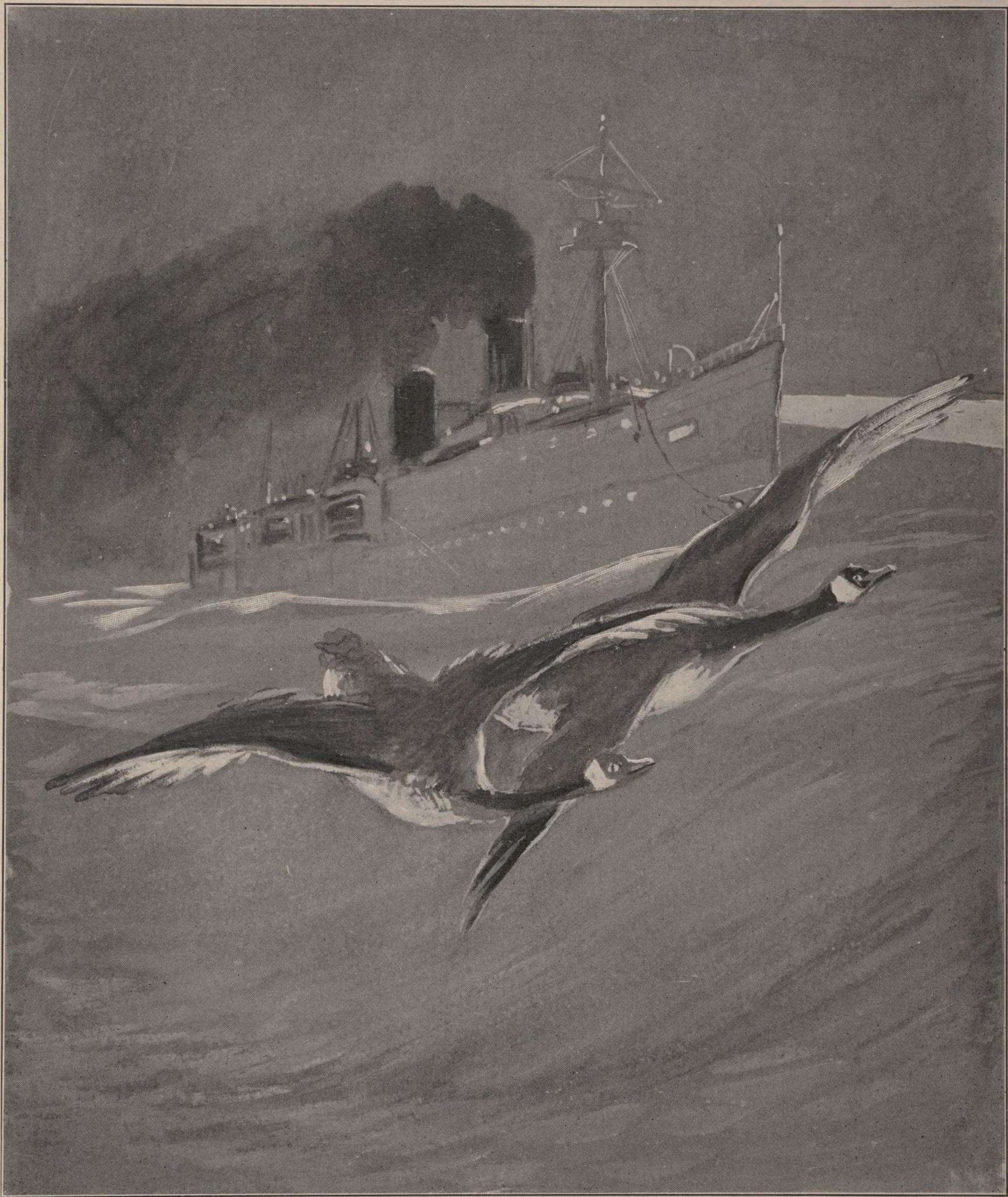
were seen ahead. They were surrounded. The smoke-stacks and masts were shot away and there was a terrible explosion inside the ship. She began to sink.

"This is a pretty scrape you've got us into!" said Wild-Cat. "I never saw anything as bad as this when I sailed the Spanish Main!"

Edgar saw that he should be obliged to use his last wish. But what should he wish? If he wished himself back in bed, where Drifting Goose first found him, what would become of Wild-Cat? It did not seem right to leave that jolly hermit to sink with the cruiser. Besides, it was hardly proper, he thought, for the captain of the ship to desert her even to save his life. So it happened that while he was hesitating the ship sank and drew him down, down into the sea.

Then all at once he seemed to be a flying fish and Wild-Cat a dolphin, playing the old, old game of tag, with the dolphin always It and the flying fish always to be eaten if caught. He darted through the water, and just as he could almost feel the snap of the dolphin's teeth on his tail, he shot out of it and sailed away out over the land and into the Pukwudjie Ravine. He was a rabbit then, scurrying about in the brush, with Wild-Cat watching for him at some crossing of the paths.

"I got him off the ship, anyhow," thought the poor little rabbit; "that's one comfort."



“ONLY TO SEE A GREAT WILD GANDER AND GOOSE RISE FROM THE DECK.”

He saw Wild-Cat's eyes gleaming from among the foliage. Turning he ran, and pretty soon he was a mouse with the Screech-Owl chasing him. He scuttled about among the leaves, and finally found a large one in which he tried to wrap himself. Over and over he turned, and all the time something seemed to be trying to unwrap him.

"I'm not a mouse! Don't eat me!" he cried. "I'm the Chief of the Palefaces!"

"Little goosie, stop twisting yourself up in the blankets!" said his mamma's voice. "You'er not the chief of the Palefaces."

And there he lay in bed again, after all his adventures.

* * * * *

He has never yet been able to find any of his ravine friends again, although the screech-owls are to be heard there of an evening, calling to each other, and once he has found tracks which he could almost believe were those of the wild-cat. As for the frogs, their singing society has rehearsals regularly. He wants to find Drifting Goose. He would like to ask that chieftain whether under all the circumstances the third wish is not still due.

He and Annabel still call the place the "Pukwudjie Ravine," and sometimes they expect to see once more their village of Indian Fairies. It is a great comfort to them to know that all the fairies are not away off somewhere in the Black Forest or the Hartz Mountains. There may be

more elves and gnomes and pixies in Europe than in America, but there isn't a Pukwudjie in Europe, while here, wherever there is a ferny nook or a lonely wood, you may expect to find them, and, if you are worthy of it, to be admitted to their villages of tepees. And if you should fail to find the little copper-colored elves, you will certainly get acquainted with some of their animal friends. So you are sure to gain by the search, no matter what happens.



THE END.

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